Is there a drug to cure cancer?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

COVER: JAMES HILL
Spring comes to Ottawa's market

The Eisenhower tragedy by Bruce Hutchison

I MARRIED A WRESTLER BY MRS. ATHOL LAYTON

MACLEAN'S

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

✔ Why the CBC is scrapping $12,000 film on sex

✔ In parade of novels will Penfield star again?

AFTER LAYING OUT $12,000 to shoot a film on sex education and legalized abortion in Sweden for its Close Up program, the CBC isn't going to let you see it. An editorial board turned down successive edited and re-edited versions of the film, which took reporter Charles Templeton and a three-man camera crew to Sweden for more than six weeks. One reason for CBC sensitivity: the election was in full swing and some CBC [illegible] felt candidates might use the item to attack the network for [illegible].

Penfield

PREVIEWING CANADIAN NOVELS: Neurosurgeon **Dr. Wilder Penfield**, who surprised everyone by writing a best-selling Biblical novel, is finishing his second, based on the life of Hippocrates, father of medicine. He's only one of many Canadians coming out with new fiction. **Robertson Davies** is publishing A Mixture of Frailties, set in his familiar Salterton. **Thomas Raddall** has completed an historical novel of the Maritimes, and four writers familiar to Maclean's—**Morley Callaghan** (A Rage of Honor—we called it The Man with the Coat), **John Cornish** (Olga in Maclean's), **Lionel Shapiro** and **W. O. Mitchell** (of Jake and the Kid fame) have books about ready for the printer. **Mazo de la Roche** has completed Centenary at Jalna.

IF YOU'RE WALKING OUT IN STYLE with new spring and summer finery you'll get an extra lift from the fact prices will be somewhat lower. The sack or chemise for women (see editorial, page 4) costs about the same as last year's old styles, but hosiery, lingerie, foundation garments, Orlon sweaters and woollens are all down. So are men's suits and coats; some retailers will be offering deals with business somewhat slack.

TV CRIME IS CHANGING PUBLIC ATTITUDE toward both the police and courts, according to two Ontario crown attorneys. Witness Henry Bull, QC—Detectives tell me they make little impression unless (1) they ride with a partner in a black patrol car, (2) they dress in trenchcoats and plain fedoras à la Dragnet, (3) one of them whips out a card for identification. They used to be able to check by phone; now people don't talk until they see the card. Witness S. B. Hagg—Jurors meeting an attorney for the first time usually ask, What's your record for convictions?

IF YOU SEE MACLEAN'S JASPER IN MOURNING it will probably be for a distant cousin, the Swan Hills grizzly, which is falling victim to the northward march of Alberta oil explorers. Second in size only to Alaska's Kodiak bears, the Swan Hills grizzlies range a wilderness near Lesser Slave Lake where they'd seldom had contact with humans until the arrival of drilling crews which have been able to shoot them like sitting ducks. Alberta government is now acting to protect them.

WAYNE & SHUSTER'S FUTURE THEY'LL LEAD A CAMP OF COMICS TO THE U.S.

Wayne [illegible] Shuster [illegible]

THE WIDELY [illegible] Wayne [illegible] Ed Sullivan's TV [illegible] Sunday [illegible] [illegible]

Although W & S [illegible] both American and British TV [illegible] Sullivan [illegible] money [illegible]

On May [illegible] Johnny Wayne and [illegible] the CBC [illegible] into the last show in their own current series of [illegible]. It's also CBC policy not to talk about next [illegible] until [illegible] [illegible] the CBC [illegible] Wayne [illegible] in Canada but we also don't know if we're going to [illegible] them next September.

Sullivan [illegible] He's signed them for [illegible] show beginning May [illegible] [illegible]

A NEW PICK-ME-UP Will bee jelly help humans too?

IN MOST CANADIAN [illegible] 174 [illegible] $5.95 [illegible] labeled [illegible] food supplement but which has become one of the most controversial [illegible] hood [illegible].

It is royal bee jelly, and it has been acclaimed [illegible] for [illegible] everything from [illegible]. It restores the dewy look of youth, according to one Canadian manufacturer who sells it [illegible] cream [illegible]. It helped the Pope [illegible] from his 1954 illness and Walter Winchell says it's keeping West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer [illegible] today.

What is it? Royal jelly is secreted by worker bees [illegible] deposited in the [illegible] before [illegible] in 16 days instead of 24 [illegible] as long as worker bees.

What does it do? It seems [illegible] that [illegible] Research is being done on it at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. The Ontario Department of Health says cautiously, Royal jelly has been fairly well proven to play its greatest part where an individual is suffering from upsets of the nervous system involving fatigue, insomnia and emotional [illegible]. Children suffering from [illegible] have responded quickly with royal jelly.

What are its possibilities? As long ago as 1932 Sir Frederick Banting experimented with royal jelly in his general research. Today at the University of Toronto and in Toronto General Hospital scientists are using it in treating deadly leukemias for which there is at present no cure. No results have been made known, but the Ontario Department of Health thinks the work [illegible] hopeful [illegible].

TOMORROW'S DEFENSE Should we scrap today's jets for missiles and Sputniks? / Here's what experts say

IN THE TANGLED [illegible] of Canadian defense [illegible] the government will [illegible] in the next few years [illegible] the most complicated [illegible] this country [illegible]. The [illegible] Russia [illegible] bombers [illegible] against them? Should we [illegible] Sputnik [illegible] Arrow [illegible] engine—the CF-105—before we even get them [illegible] something [illegible].

The RCAF has been arguing quietly but doggedly in behind-the-scenes discussions that we can't afford to scrap our jet-fighter program, that in fact we need to shore it up with a new $400,000,000 network of ground control. High-speed rockets meant to shoot down enemy rockets can't intercept bombers, the argument runs. For the next ten years at least, our greatest threat will be from air-breathing and probably manned bombers moving at less than or not much more than the speed of sound.

The Russians already have a large supply of these, an age dinosaurs. They can best be intercepted and brought down by other dinosaurs like the Arrow. If we ignore the weapons of today in trying to anticipate the weapons of tomorrow we may end up modern but an additional factor is that we may also end up dead.

This at any rate is the view the Air Force will be pressing on the government in coming months. In line with it the RCAF will be urging that our next big defense commitment should be one or two SAGE sectors in eastern Canada. SAGE stands for Semi Automatic Ground Environment. It's an electronic system in which manned interceptors like the Canadian CF-105 and pilotless missiles like the U.S.-designed Bomarc can be directed against enemy bombers from the ground. With SAGE the Air Force feels our CF-105 program may not pay off. Without SAGE, or something like it, our costly fighters, according to one RCAF spokesman, will be as useless as wheelbarrows. Under existing plans our fighters can be linked into a U.S. SAGE network designed to cover the northern tip of Canada and the continental U.S. But for reasons of national sovereignty as well as military efficiency the RCAF will argue we ought to build and man our own key installations in Ontario and Quebec.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

The election's mystery candidate—the dollar bill

THE BACKSTAGE AWARD [illegible] the most [illegible] goes to [illegible] candidate in [illegible] Alta. He was speaking [illegible] industry and [illegible] something like this:

"Every year [illegible] for them to [illegible]"

The audience [illegible] but the speaker didn't [illegible]

"We have nothing [illegible] them to do."

This time the [illegible] candidate paused [illegible] but he plodded [illegible] make his point [illegible] honeymooners and other [illegible] government ought [illegible]

Runners-up for the award [illegible] chairmen introducing [illegible] hangers-on [illegible] were candidates too [illegible] Lester Pearson [illegible] As re-enacted [illegible] the local paper [illegible] runs thus:

"[illegible] folks, lemme tell you [illegible] record of [illegible] Pearson. Lemme read you [illegible] right here:

"Born 1897."

He didn't intend to stop there, but he paused long enough [illegible] to begin.

Much worse from Pearson's point of view were those who introduced him with praise so lavish and fulsome that he felt like a waffle [illegible] To offset these well-meant [illegible] Pearson would begin [illegible]

[illegible]

King had no trouble [illegible] He took the [illegible] opposition [illegible] the stolen [illegible] in the luggage of the [illegible] responsible [illegible] By [illegible] Alberta [illegible] nearby hotel

[illegible] Small wonder [illegible] think that [illegible] campaign [illegible] make much sense [illegible]

Lester Pearson's plan [illegible] John Diefenbaker. It was [illegible]

[illegible] the best instrument [illegible] tax cuts [illegible] more flexible. [illegible] could go back to a balanced budget on short notice if and when times improve.

But because politics are politics the Liberals didn't really urge tax cuts instead of public works. There were [illegible] of all the Conservative projects, except maybe that Yukon highway from igloo to igloo. As for tax cuts, the Conservatives had already cut taxes by something close to two hundred million dollars in a [illegible] year.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker, on his side, went through the campaign with one basic speech, an elaboration of his [illegible] reply to the [illegible] motion in parliament on January 20. It was not invariably successful — in a [illegible] rink at Hull, Quebec, and at [illegible] But most of his meetings were good meetings like the [illegible] rally that overflowed the largest [illegible] the Diefenbaker speech [illegible] enthusiasm.

[illegible] ★

[illegible]

BACKSTAGE IN TELEVISION

The rough-and-ready battle between the Star's two critics

FOR 36 YEARS Gordon Sinclair has been through thick and thin with the Toronto Star. As a footloose reporter he has covered stories in all parts of the world. Few of these far-away adventures, however, have whipped up literary smoke, fire, fury and hilarity like his latest—at his own desk. This is an internecine feud with William Drylie, the Star's entertainment editor and Sinclair's fellow TV columnist. Drylie, who is nominally Sinclair's boss, makes a habit of panning him (a) as a regular TV and radio performer and (b) as a columnist on the same paper. Unlike such circus vendettas as Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell and Jack Benny-Fred Allen, this one is real.

"Don't come without your knuckle-dusters," Sinclair returned one Drylie broadside. "We deplore [illegible]." Drylie, assigned to write a story toasting Sinclair's 30 years with the Star, said: "It was the hardest thing I ever had to do."

For the past year, since Drylie began writing a TV column three times a week—it's now twice a week—he and Sinclair, who has been writing TV and radio daily for eight years, have been glaring at one another from a few pages apart in the Star. Often they read [illegible] with their [illegible] Drylie's [illegible] mail urges him to take another swing at Sinclair.

The feud started after Sinclair's first appearance last [illegible] on Front Page Challenge. Drylie predicted the TV show would flop.

When Front Page Challenge climbed steadily in TV ratings, Sinclair razzed Drylie publicly, and when Drylie appeared on the panel show Fighting Words, footloose Sinclair gave him both boots. "His words weren't fighting. He was just inexperienced."

The duelists often baffle Star readers with diametrically opposite views on the same subject. Last September a CBS spectacular called Crescendo was "magnificent" according to Sinclair, while Drylie said, "Crescendo sank with all hands." When Sinclair wrote that singer Joyce Hahn was "perfectly cast" as torcher Helen Morgan,

[illegible]

Drylie [illegible] realized [illegible] at CBC.

Will they [illegible] as some readers [illegible] Drylie says [illegible] in a way. He [illegible] Sinclair, although neither actually pretends to like the other. [illegible] Their mutual boss, city editor Borden Spears, is neutral. "They're free to say what they want," he says, "as long as they don't libel each other."

Backstage IN CAR BUSINESS / How one man's fighting the recession

Todgham

ONE leading Canadian businessman is convinced that the right thing about our tight money is the average Canadian who won't part with it. He's conducting a one-man campaign to prove it's not so much a recession that's bothering the economy as "recession mentality."

Instead of moping around his desk in Windsor or stewing over dwindling production, Ron W. Todgham, president of Chrysler of Canada, decided this spring to get out to the grass roots and sell cars—and raise production. Canadians were sitting on record savings of $6 billion and should be buying, he reasoned. "They simply had talked themselves into a non-buying frame of mind."

Todgham flew to the west and in a crowded week he [illegible] talked, reasoned and fought with Chrysler salesmen. In Regina, Brandon, Winnipeg, Fort William and way points he huddled with as few as six and as many as 20 salesmen at breakfast, lunch and dinner. He told them about the bumble bee.

"Aeronautical engineers can prove beyond doubt that it's utterly impossible for the bee to fly. But the bee doesn't know this so it just goes right ahead and flies.

"If you get rid of the idea it's impossible to sell cars," he added, "you'll sell them."

In Fort William one salesman seemed to prove his point. That was a woman who had never tried to sell anything until four months ago. No one told her it couldn't be done. She's one of the top "men" on the sales staff.

Todgham went back to Windsor to clear his desk before heading for Saskatoon, Edmonton, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Lethbridge, Vancouver and Victoria.

"The day of merely accepting orders is past," he told his executives. "It's time we started ringing doorbells again." —ERIC HUTTON

Backstage AT MARKET

The secrets of your shopping habits: where and when you shop and what and why you buy

CANADIANS ARE SPENDING more on food today than ever before ($4[illegible] billion a year) but equally dramatic are some of the changes in their shopping habits. It's not news to us that the [illegible] and the pickle barrel have been eclipsed by the supermarket. But some [illegible] supermarket shopping is news. Do you know your favorite shopping hour, why you buy things [illegible]

We do. A scientific survey of Canadian shopping habits has just been completed for Maclean's by Canadian Research [illegible] who interviewed people going to shop and in their homes. They asked dozens of questions. Here are a few of the things we learned:

✔ While you still shopped in three or four [illegible] for meat, canned goods, fruit, vegetables, you now shop in one store 90% of the time and 97% of the time [illegible] supermarket.

✔ Although you complain about prices [illegible] when you do. The reasons in order are: 1. It's handy to home. 2. You get a wider selection. 3. It's cheaper.

✔ Saturday was once the busiest shopping day, but now 5[illegible]% of Canadians who shop in supermarkets prefer Friday—the favorite hour is 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. Throughout the week however they shop more often between 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. More and more men shop in their noon hour.

✔ When it comes to groceries you're more a creature of impulse than you were four years ago when we made our previous survey. A third of food-store buying is now on impulse—chiefly in items such as candy, nuts.

✔ Men shop less from impulse than from a prepared list, but they're suckers for soda crackers of all things. 51% of the time they buy crackers on impulse—but not pickles, cheeses and spiced meats as their wives often surmise. Instead women are the ones who buy these on impulse.

✔ Although manufacturers try to entice you with special offers, free goods and coupons, you're influenced less than you think. Fewer than 2 people in 100 said they bought goods for these reasons, 25% said they bought for quality and only 8% because the goods were cheaper.

✔ Merchants flatter the male by reporting he's taking more interest in the larder. So he is, but usually he's accompanied by his wife, sometimes by his daughter and even his son. Even when he's alone at least half the time he carries a shopping list

Background

NEW CANADIANS AREN'T QUITTING

A recent hullaballoo in England and Holland over the mass exodus of immigrants from Canada was apparently the case of a wrong label on sailing figures. 50,000 had booked passage on Cunard this spring, but most were Canadians going to the Brussels World Fair. The facts: fewer than 5% of Britons are returning home. Dutch figures are even lower.

IT WAS COLDER IN GRANDPA'S DAY

Although most Canadians are still complaining about the tough weather, don't argue with grandpa when he says it was tougher 50 years ago — unless you happen to live in Winnipeg. For January and February this year the average temperature in Montreal was four degrees warmer than the same two months in 1908. Toronto was three degrees warmer, Saint John half a degree, Vancouver five degrees, but Winnipeg was 1.6 degrees colder (11.6 to 10).

REMEMBER THE HIGH TIME GANG?

Jack K[illegible]

Since CBC's Jack Kane signed a fat contract to furnish music for the new Eydie Gorme-Steve Lawrence show on NBC, scores of people remember when he played with the Kresge High Timers on radio (1941) for $17.50 a week. Who remembers other High Timers? orchestra [illegible] Howard Cable, emcee Fred Davis of Front Page Challenge, actor Lloyd Bochner, band leader Ellis McLintock, Musicians Union boss George Anderson, singers Denny Vaughan, [illegible] Gregory, Norma Locke

HOW GOOD WAS THE CAMPAIGN?

You'd have a hard time convincing any party its election speeches weren't the last word in effectiveness, but one newspaper, Ottawa's Le Droit, tried hard. On March 17 Le Droit ran its election report without any headline, explaining: "The campaign is obviously important; that is why we are putting it on the front page again. But the statements are of so little significance that we do not know what headline to use."

CANADA HELPS U.S. CATTLE GROW

Although the U.S. doesn't want Alberta's gas, it's taking the province's Hereford cattle by the thousands to combat dwarfism in western American herds. Dwarfism occurs through faults in breeding and feeding. Fewer than 5% of Canadian-bred Herefords are affected by dwarfism. American buyers are making spring sales a bonanza for Canadian breeders.

Editorial

We declare war on the sack dress! Who'll join us?

IT WAS WITH mixed feelings that we read about the recent collapse of a boycott by the lady undergraduates of Oxford University of the gentleman undergraduates of Oxford University. Taking their lead from the immortal Lysistrata the ladies announced they were going to deny their company to the gentlemen until the gentlemen did something about peace. Their scheme was quickly defeated by an old-fashioned force called biology. As we understand it Oxford hasn't got any more peace than anybody else, but dames once more are a dime a dozen.

Our purpose in bringing this up is neither to lament nor to gloat but to announce a little boycott of our own. And our boycott, unlike the Oxford boycott, will work. It cannot fail. It must not fail. It shall not fail.

We are boycotting all women who wear the sack dress. We expel them from the human race. We deny their existence. Women who wear sack dresses will not be admitted to our presence. If we should find ourselves in so desperate a position as to be married to them we shall divorce them. If women who wear sack dresses submit poems, short stories or novels to this magazine we shall return them unread. If we encounter women wearing sack dresses at cocktail parties we will not speak to them; we will not even leer at them. We consign them all to everlasting limbo.

We wish to make it clear that this boycott of ours against women who wear the sack dress is no loafing undergraduate prank. We mean it.

We are getting somewhat too old to be as concerned as we'd like to be over the insult and injury the sack dress has done to the female form. We are still able to view this aspect of the question with a certain anxiety but it is the insult and injury to the female mind and the female soul that disturbs us most. No person of whatever sex would willingly wear so hideous and degrading a garment as the sack except as an act of withdrawal from or renunciation of the ordinary enterprises of mankind. We can respect monks, nuns and others in religious orders for making such a choice of their own will in the careful knowledge of what they are doing and exactly why. But we cannot respect anyone so barren of spirit, independence and taste that she will turn herself into a grotesque and docile clown just because she was told to do so by a commercial promoter in Paris or New York.

This is a challenge that calls for men of steel. We call on all men confronted with the sack to abolish sentiment, mercy and — although it is ridiculous to think of such things in so revolting a setting — tenderness and love. We call on all men worthy of the name of man to join us in total war against the imbecile hoax of the sack dress and help their women once more to be worthy of the name of woman.

Mailbag

✔ Are we bad neighbors when we criticize Ike?

✔ How to tell a telephone swindler

✔ Should Cabbage Hollow share Toronto traffic woes?

Re Where Do We Stand with the U.S. by Blair Fraser (March 1) — as an American I am fed up with two-bit editors criticizing Eisenhower and Dulles. Have Canadians no problems of their own that they must advise the U.S. on *everything*?

I spent two months in Ottawa in 1953 and was disgusted at so many editorials criticizing everything from our foreign policy to the "persecution" of the Rosenbergs. Blair Fraser's comments sound as if they came from the Democratic Digest. We expect such comments from the opposition but resent it from a good neighbor. In what American magazines do you read editorials telling Diefenbaker or Pearson how to run Canada? It would help if Canada would grow into HER britches and be a good neighbor by minding *her own business*.—MARGARET A. ADAMS, MENLO PARK, CALIF.

✔ Apropos of the controversy between the U.S. and Canada over the alleged effrontery of improving our trade position with Britain may I quote Kipling (with variations and apologies):

A Nation spoke to a Nation
A Friend sent word to a Friend
Good Neighbour am I to the South Land
But Mistress in my own
The gates are mine to open
As the gates are mine to bar
And I set my house in order"
Said our Lady Canada

—DONALD MACLEAN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

The mark of a swindler

It's high time an article was written like Eric Hutton's They'll Swindle You by Telephone (March 15). Many of us have been victims of this hoax. Advice to suckers such as I: don't give a cent to any man who won't look you in the eye.—MRS. I. W. BARKER, TORONTO.

✔ Telephone swindlers seem to be in line with narcotics and other addicts and should get the same penalty. —M. A. WILCOX, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

The facts on pensions

In Maclean's (Feb. 15) under the headline Pension *Preview* is the following phrase: "In, say, Newfoundland (Professor) Huson told a press conference, Health Minister McGrath already objects that a husband and wife who are paid $110 a month are often drawing more money than they've ever earned in their lives." Professor Huson has already denied he ever made this statement. Whether or not he made it, I certainly never made the statement attributed to me or anything remotely like it. — JAMES McGRATH, MINISTER OF HEALTH, NFLD.

Leisure versus profit

In his article The Coming Revolt against Leisure (March 15) Bruce Hutchison has not gone deep enough. We are not *purposely* working toward more leisure. Actually we are a rudderless ship driven wherever the biggest profits take us. Shorter working hours, greater leisure and unemployment are only some of the products thrown overboard during this aimless voyage.—W. I. HOUSE, WEST GRAVENHURST, ONT.

Whose headache is traffic?

In your editorial, City Traffic is a *National Problem* — We Should Face Up to It (Feb. 15) you promote the utmost nonsense. Why should people of Joe Batt's Arm, Nfld., or Cabbage Hollow, Ont., feel any responsibility toward the people of Toronto building a 200 million dollar subway? This is a local problem and the people of Toronto should face up to it.—R. A. SULLIVAN, TORONTO.

Bannerman's many names

McKenzie Porter's excellent story on Exactly who is James Bannerman? (March 1). Just one tidbit he might have pointed up—Bannerman's whimsical efficiency as a prolific producer, a boon to me when I was managing editing Mayfair. Observe his pen names: Arsten George Bannerman, James Carter, Mark Davidson, Peter Elliott Robert. He had a character for each: top epicure, short story writer, book and record reviewer. By another pseudonym, Lajos Debanyi Lujos, was strictly from left field.—WELLS RITCHIE, WHITEVALE, ONT.

✔ Exactly who is James Bannerman? Who in hell cares? —W. BRETT, WINNIPEG.

✔ I have listened to his CBC broadcasts for years and always the voice sounded familiar. Now I have the answer. I was Lt. Cmdr. McNaught's secretary when he was stationed in Halifax with the RCN during the war. I think McKenzie Porter has given an excellent picture of McNaught alias Bannerman. —M. JEAN MACLEOD, RIVER JOHN, N.S.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 83

SPACE FOR EVERYTHING-
-EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

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13 cu. ft. combination REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

The new Straight Line design General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer is two appliances in one—stands in the same SPACE as an old type refrigerator, fits flush against the wall, flush in a corner, or completely built in.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
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CANCER 1958

What is the outlook?

While cancer is still one of our nation's greatest health problems, several recent developments are very encouraging.

- For some time the mortality rate from cancer among women has been declining. The total decrease is encouraging as measured during the last 15 years among Canadian women ages 25 to 74.
- The proportion of cancer patients surviving 5 years or more after diagnosis has measurably increased.

Such facts indicate that still greater gains are possible. In this connection the Canadian Cancer Society states:

"Many men and women with cancer could be saved with present knowledge if individuals would seek medical attention early enough and if the latest and best means of diagnosis and treatment can be made more generally available."

So pending a major break through against this disease *you are the first line of defense against cancer.* And here are the things you should do:

1. Know cancer's seven warning signals. They are listed above. Should one of these signals appear, no time should be lost in seeing your doctor.

2. Have regular health examinations. According to the Canadian Cancer Society 50% of all cancers occur in parts of the body which a general practitioner can readily examine. Should you notice changes in normal body functions between examinations, have another check-up.

3. Avoid any treatment except your doctor's. Cancer is cured only by skilled physicians using surgery, X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation. In many forms of cancer, the majority of cases can be saved when diagnosed early and properly treated.

Current research on the causes of cancer, its prevention and treatment gives even greater hope for the future. But it is still important for you to be alert to cancer's danger signals and get prompt treatment should one of them occur.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Any sore that does not heal.
4. Any change in normal bowel habits.
5. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
6. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in a wart or mole.

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THE COVER

One sure way to spot spring in Ottawa is to stroll east from the Chateau Laurier to By Ward Market. If the north is bright with blossoms—as it was when James Hill, with palette, and [illegible] with parcels, stopped by—why it's time to turn your fancy free.

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☐ **PETER PAN** Original Broadway, TV cast and score. Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, etc.
☐ **BOUQUET OF BLUES** Dinah Shore torch tunes: *Blues in the Night, St. Louis Blues*, 10 others.
☐ **SWEET SIXTEEN** Ames Brothers sing 12 standards: *Little White Lies, I Don't Know Why, For Sentimental Reasons*, etc.
☐ **THE HEART OF HAVANA** Authentic Cuban dance rhythms by Orquesta Aragon. Ideal dinner rhythms, native vocals.
☐ **[illegible] STARR** Kay Starr [illegible] torch songs: [illegible]. *The House is Haunted, It's a Lonesome Old Town*, etc.
☐ **THE EYES OF LOVE** Hugo Winterhalter's lush orchestra in 12 standards: *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, I Only Have Eyes for You*, etc.
☐ **THINKING OF YOU** Eddie Fisher's top 12 all-time hits: *Oh! My Pa-Pa, Wish You Were Here*, etc.
☐ **MOONGLOW** Artie Shaw 12 all-time hits from '39 to '41: *Begin the Beguine, Frenesi, Star Dust, Nightmare*, etc.
☐ **INSPIRATIONAL SONGS** George Beverly Shea sings *It Is No Secret, In the Garden*, many others.
☐ **ALL TIME FAVORITES** Eddy Arnold's folk stylings of *Moonlight and Roses, Prisoner's Song, Missouri Waltz*, etc.
☐ **MAGOO IN HI-FI** Myopic cartoon hero in comic antics, good songs, a wide variety of studio stunts for hi-fi bugs.

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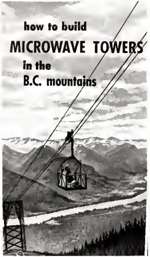

how to build

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B.C. mountains

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Achievements like this have become commonplace during the construction of the Trans-Canada Telephone microwave network, soon to span Canada from coast to coast. The result will be increased long distance telephone capacity and extension of Canada's TV network facilities.

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NATION WIDE TELECOMMUNICATION SERVICE

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The debate that boiled over

One contentious column "For the Sake of Argument" usually appears in this space but because we're running a double header this issue you'll find it on pages 22 and 23. The subject, education in the age of Sputnik, is so important and the authors' credentials so distinguished that we thought it proper to devote more than the usual space to it.

Although Claude Bissell and Franc Joubin have different backgrounds and interests they are both men who have reached the top of their professions very swiftly. At forty-two Dr. Bissell is about to become the youngest president ever appointed to the Canada's biggest campus—the University of Toronto. At forty-two Franc Joubin made the sensational discovery of uranium at Blind River which dwarfed all previous finds. Both have strong feelings about the educational system in Canada.

The pundit

At 42 Claude Bissell will soon become U of T's youngest president

The prospector

At 42 Franc Joubin discovered the huge uranium lode at Blind River

Bissell's academic record has been a remarkable one. From the time he entered the honor course in English and History at the U of T in 1932 until he earned his PhD at Cornell in 1940 he won a scholarship or fellowship every year. He rose to become vice-president of U of T and when he left to take over presidential duties at Carleton College, Ottawa, the Toronto student newspaper declared a day of mourning. Now he's returning to his alma mater.

Franc Joubin's career has been no less outstanding. In the hungry Thirties he worked his way through University of B.C. as a geology student by being in turn a professional wrestler, blood donor, telephone repairman, salesman and map maker. His interest in uranium started at college when he and a room mate worked out a primitive version of a Geiger counter weighing two hundred pounds. Since those days he's searched for everything from copper and mercury to lead and chromium and even discovered a gold mine on his honeymoon. But his specialty has always been uranium.

The payoff came for Franc Joubin in 1953 when he and his associates began diamond drilling in the Blind River area. In the three years that followed he directed the discovery of ten uranium mines which account for almost half of Canada's total production.

Has success spoiled Joubin? Not at all. When asked a couple of years ago why, as a millionaire, he still drove a Chevrolet he replied "From my point of view a Cadillac and a Chevrolet are both practical vehicles, but a Cadillac is a practical vehicle purchased for display purposes. I'm not interested in display."

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What has led British youth astray?

In the long years that I have endeavored to paint the picture of life in the United Kingdom for the readers of Maclean's I can hardly remember a period when there was such confusion and bitterness as at the present time. Even the weather has joined in the malignant frolic. Two days ago the skies were azure blue. Yesterday a howling wind drove a torrent of rain that cut like a knife. Today there is a wild swirling of snow to bedevil the traffic.

Life, unlike art, has no set design. Let us take one day this week. In the debating chamber of the Commons there was a debate on the economic crisis. To a silent House one Labor MP after another told of workers being laid off in this and that industry. Nor were the Tories without similar stories to tell. No longer was it a debate but rather a series of statements couched in a simple language. It was as if the calendar had been turned back thirty years.

Yet such is the incongruity of human affairs that at seven o'clock in the evening a half dozen of us, representing the three parties, had to leave the chamber and attend one of the big private dining rooms where the all-conquering Surrey County Cricket Club was being given a dinner to celebrate the winning of its sixth successive championship last summer.

I must confess that it was a relief to get away from the Wailing Wall and to mix with healthy-faced, muscular athletes who know that in the realm of English sport there are no such things as recession or slump. They could not have differed more from their MP hosts if they had come direct from Mars.

But less than a mile away in the Borough of Holborn a political test match was being played with one man, Henry Brooke, against an angry crowd. Mr. Brooke, as minister of housing, has a cherubic reassuring smile and possesses a heavy voice that could make itself heard over a hurricane. But this occasion was proving too much for both his smile and his stentorian voice.

You will remember that in the war all rents, below a certain level, were frozen. Landlords could not gain pos-

continued on page 64

ROCK 'N' ROLL KING Tommy Steele is idolized by Britain's hip teen-agers but his "moaning misery" leaves Baxter bewildered.

Canada at home...

Let's visit Bill Johnson and chat about his 36 years of successful farming

Look around you as you drive up the road to Bill Johnson's farm. See the tidy landscape, the well-kept barn, the house itself—freshly painted and bright as a pin.

All in all, you think, Bill must be a pretty solid citizen. When you meet him, you find you're right.

He's worked this farm—and loved every acre of it—since his father left it to him in 1922. It's given him a good living too. He's managed to raise a family, put his two boys through agricultural college, keep up with modern farm improvements. And when the time comes for Bill to turn the land over to the youngsters, you can bet he'll have a good nest egg laid aside.

Yes, Bill Johnson is as solid as they come—likes to look ahead and know where he's going.

That's why he's been a steady saver with Canada Permanent for over 20 years (and why he's so comfortably fixed today). He uses other Canada Permanent services too: he's done mortgage business with them and regularly invests in Canada Permanent debentures.

And there are thousands of Canadians like Bill Johnson who appreciate the friendly, helpful way Canada Permanent works with them. If you are among them, you'll *know* [illegible] a company with Canada Permanent's 103-year history is a *safe* place to save. And a company with Canada Permanent's complete services is a *sensible* place to save.

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58-4

The Ride without rival belongs to Chrysler

There's a superb cushiony smoothness—and *more*—to the matchless ride you experience in a beautiful new '58 Chrysler.

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CHRYSLER FOR 1958

COOL BEAUTY
WITH A
FIERY SPIRIT

TWENTY THOUSAND SAMPLES of drugs under examination in the anti-cancer crusade fill the files of the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York. Dr Chester Stock says, "We haven't yet scratched the surface"

Is there a drug to cure cancer?

THE SCIENTISTS are promising nothing—but, as a result of new chemical discoveries, they are cautiously hopeful that now it's just a question of time

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY WERNER WOLFF—BLACK STAR

Until fairly recently the doctor had only two main methods of fighting cancer: radiation and surgery. With these he was able to cure about one third of his patients. The other two thirds were often written off as "untreatable" and doomed to an early—and probably painful—death. But today's most exciting and cheerful medical story concerns the "untreatable" two thirds. A new and powerful weapon against cancer is being forged. It's called chemotherapy—treatment by the use of chemicals. There are already at least twenty such substances that prolong the life and decrease the pain of the cancer patient. While no chemical has yet been discovered that will cure cancer outright, the prospects are bright.

"I'm convinced that cancer will be completely conquered by new drugs," says Dr Cornelius P. Rhoads, director of the famous Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York. "It's now just a question of how soon."

Dr Douglas G. Cameron, physician-in-chief of the Montreal General Hospital, says, "At any time now we might stumble on a cure." Dr O. H. Warwick, director of the Ontario Cancer Institute in Toronto, declares, "Because their lives have been prolonged by the new drugs, some cancer patients are now dying of other diseases."

The optimism of the cancer specialists is solidly based on the achievements of chemotherapy during the last few years.

Until comparatively recently children with acute leukemia (cancer of the blood) usually died within a few months. Only five out of every hundred were alive at the end of a year. Today the records of New York's Memorial Hospital (with which the Sloan Kettering Institute is affiliated) show that almost sixty percent of leukemic children survive for a year or more thanks to such new chemicals as 6-MP, adrenal steroid hormones, azaserine and amethopterin. One boy has had his life prolonged by as much as seven years. "After you see a dying child back at school and play in a few weeks you become a convert to chemotherapy," says Dr Kenneth Endicott, director of the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center. This organization is part of the United States government-sponsored National Cancer

continued on page 76

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

This is the second of three articles by Bruce Hutchison on various aspects of the present crisis in the free world

THE EISENHOWER TRAGEDY

ROBUST SOLDIER 195

From "frustrated and inert" Washington

Bruce Hutchison reports:

*The president is a broken man *The West is leaderless

*Nixon is a dark enigma *How long can the stalemate last?

◀ Weary president 1958 after six years in an office "almost past mortal endurance" his strength is sapped "Cheerful public appearances and occasional decisions appear sufficient to him—but they are not"

The tragedy of Dwight D Eisenhower is cast in a classic mold Like every tragic hero, this man attempts a high purpose, succeeds at first and then is overwhelmed by forces within and without himself But the case of Eisenhower is not merely the tragedy of a man It is the tragedy of a system a nation and a free world No free man however remote can escape its consequences

In this closing phase of a great career it is easy to see retrospectively that Eisenhower's highest purposes were doomed from the beginning

They were doomed by the character of the man and by the circumstances of his time Even if his character had been different and the times less out of joint a third and crushing element of tragedy would have struck him down A treacherous weakness of physical tissue could not survive the strains of an office almost past mortal endurance

All these elements of character body and circumstance were disguised in 1952 by the most extraordinary psychological invention in American history the myth of Ike

A creature who never lived an image blown up beyond the dimensions of humanity was cunningly imprinted on the public mind—not by Eisenhower whose inner humility is genuine and radiant, but by the wishful thinkers and the masters of political propaganda Their fiction is now dissolving before their eyes.

Desolation was far advanced in Washington when I visited that sad and angry town a few weeks ago But the vital news of the day takes time to seep through the nation and the world The simple fact is that the presidency has ceased to function as the fulcrum of domestic and foreign power It is never likely to function thus again so long as an ailing man sits in the White House

This alarming fact travels slowly in part because no responsible American wants to believe it, in part because the newspaper correspondents feel a decent aversion to printing it and finally because the inventors of the myth are loath to abandon their masterpiece and probably their jobs They have no substitute but a mysterious stranger a completely unknown quantity a dark enigma Vice-President Nixon

The grim truth is blurred temporarily by the president's cheerful public appearances and occasional decisions These appear sufficient to him, but they are the least part of the presidency

The essential part is the subtle force of true leadership the management of events before they become unmanageable, the reconciliation of rival groups throughout society and the concentration of executive power through one man who must be the ultimate arbiter of American life There is no such man today

The presidential function intricate and indescribable has been performed successfully by perhaps eight men from Washington onward three of them in this century It can be performed only by genius and only by a man in robust health

Eisenhower has the genius of human understanding and friendship but it was never an adequate genius for this work Now in the final stroke of his tragedy he has been robbed of the physical and more important, the psychic strength required And not at a normal time but at the supreme crisis of human history

It is impossible of course for anyone outside the White House to know precisely how Eisenhower is operating from day to day He has surrounded himself with an impervious wall of loyal friends whose duty is to protect and sustain him

Every foreign embassy has its own independent medical reports on the president's health and physical prospects—a political fact of primary magnitude In the end however since no outsider can look into the **continued on page 56**

This K Model was dropped in 1906 after a year. Ford (beside driver) and Couzens (behind Ford) insisted on switching to a light inexpensive car for the mass market.

The Canadian behind Henry Ford

It was James Couzens, of Chatham, Ontario, who built the Ford company while Henry built cars. It was Couzens who rammed the famous five-dollar day past Ford's protests. Here is his little-known story

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY HARRY BARNARD

By the time *Couzens* (left) walked out in 1915 he was known to everybody as Henry's "partner"

Among the handful of men who can be credited with launching or triggering the staggering industrial development of North America since the turn of the century the name of James Couzens is seldom, if ever, mentioned.

Among the handful of men who can be credited with dreaming up a social revolution that swiftly reached down into the lives of all employees of all businesses on this continent the name of James Couzens is *never* mentioned.

Yet this paradoxical man from Chatham, Ont., deserves a special place in both these uncrowded halls of fame.

His astute ebullience led him, in his late twenties, to team up with Henry Ford and quickly become the guiding genius of the company that gave America and the world the blessing—despite associated faults—of mass-production and the assembly-line technique. The paradox lay in the fact that it was this same mind fretting about laid-off workers that dreamed up the idea of the five-dollar eight-hour day. The minimum wage was then, in 1913, $2.34 for a nine-hour day. Ford suggested $3 a day. Couzens demanded $5, or nothing. His victory in the boardroom cost the Ford company $10 millions in 1914 (which it speedily made up) and set echoes rolling throughout the whole economy.

Right up to a few days before his death in 1936 Couzens remained a man marked by an obscure destiny to be out of step with, or a step ahead of, his fellows. He quit Ford in 1915, when they were in effect partners, on a matter of conscience: he would not tolerate Ford using the company to spread pacifist propaganda. A renegade multi-millionaire, he was feared if not hated by most of the members of his financial class. He became Detroit's commissioner of police, mayor of the city, and finally a Republican senator. His last act, when already dying, was to endorse Franklin Roosevelt for president. The Democrat, Couzens felt, was the best man to lead the country in the war that already loomed.

Here, then, is the story of Couzens' stormy decade with Ford, from its inauspicious beginning to the morning in October 1915 when Couzens jammed on his black derby and stomped out forever. It is also, in microcosm, the story of the decade that set the pattern of our times.

It was Couzens' meeting with Henry Ford in 1902 that first set the ball rolling. At that time the young Canadian was chief clerk in the Detroit coal yard of Alex Y. Malcomson. Ford had already failed twice in trying to get his horseless carriage on the roads. **continued on page 69**

Why they won't publish your song

Do you know how lawsuit-happy amateurs plague Tin Pan Alley? How music rackets reap millions? Why great hits go to court? Maybe you *can* write a better song—but when you've read this you won't

BY HAZEL MEYER

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER WHALLEY

It is perfectly normal to write a song or to want to. Some people do it out of disgust or defiance when they hear a nonsensical tune being played interminably and selling a million records which earn masses of money for some fellow with no talent. Others do it when they feel happy, or sad, or after the third drink. At one time or another almost everybody does it.

When an amateur writes a song and lets it go at that, he is just like anyone else. Sooner or later, however, a chemical change takes place and he begins to believe that, given the right breaks, he can *sell* his song and make a fortune.

Steve Allen has a soothing answer for an amateur songwriter who, in pain and yearning, wants to crash Tin Pan Alley.

"There's nothing to stop you," Allen says. "But why don't you go out in your back yard with a two-dollar uranium detector and become a millionaire? It's easier."

The voracious record business, by ignoring the former traditions and taboos of popular music, has pried open a narrow slit in what used to be a door tightly sealed against newcomers. Nevertheless hordes of aspiring songwriters are left waiting outside, futilely beating against it.

The very mention of "amateur songwriter" sets off a chain reaction of traumatic seizures among publishers. But their manoeuvres to avoid coming in contact with eager-eyed men and women haunting New York with a new song to sell are hardly more absurd or adroit than the amateur's manoeuvres to make contact.

Amateur songwriters have been known to disguise themselves as elevator operators, waiters, delivery men and baby sitters in order to gain access to publishers' ears. Their unpublished manuscripts are likely to turn up in laundry bundles, candy boxes and under the napkins on luncheon trays. Some would-be songwriters spend all their earnings from less glamorous pursuits on a succession of four-dollar "unpublished copyrights," printing their songs at their own expense and swamping publishers' incoming mail baskets with impressive, bragging brochures. They bombard publishers with importunate letters and telegrams. They sit or stand for hours in tiny reception rooms, portfolios under their arms, waiting for someone—anyone—to notice them, steadfast in their belief that the instant their songs are heard they will be hailed as successors to Rodgers and Hammerstein and given lifetime contracts.

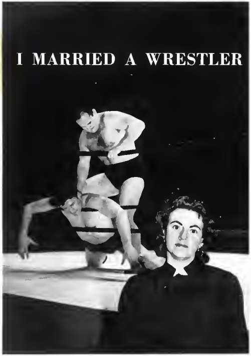
But all letters, packages and hollow objects sent as gifts and suspected of containing unsolicited manuscripts are returned to their senders unopened, if a return address is given, thrown into the wastebasket (unopened) if not. Visitors to publishing offices who are not known or unable to **continued on page 51**

“It happened to me”

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's: stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

I MARRIED A WRESTLER



My husband (he's on the ropes) made good by becoming the town's best-hated man. While he strangled they pelted me with peanut shells.

Now he's a Hero and everything's cozy. But when he was a Villain—Wham!

The kids gang-fought our son, the butcher cut me off,

even neighbors turned nasty. Life with “Lord” Athol Layton is wacky—and wonderful

BY LEAH LAYTON PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX GILLOW

My **husband** came to Canada from Sydney, Australia, in the fall of 1950. He soon landed a job, found an apartment and sent for me and our eight-year-old son John to join him in Toronto. Then, once we were all together again, he set to work with an immigrant's typical determination to Make Good. In practically no time at all—with considerable benefit to the family exchequer if not to family morale—he succeeded in making a name for himself as one of the best-hated men in town.

This unlikely situation derived partly from the fact that my spouse was, and still is, a professional wrestler — *in this corner, at two hundred and sixty-five pounds, Lord Athol Layton* — and partly from the peculiar nature of wrestling fanciers.

As *everyone* knows, all wrestlers fall into one of two categories. There are those the fans admire: sterling chaps whose deportment in the ring is as virtuous as it is violent, and they are popularly known as Heroes. Then there are the men who oppose them: usually brutal fellows whose shameful disregard for fair play is enough to make any retired librarian cry “Murder the bum!” These are generally referred to as bad guys, or Villains.

Now I'm no leading authority on the ungentle art of wrestling—the Flying Mare could be a horse with wings to me and a tag team sounds like child's play—but after sixteen years of marriage I believe I know one particular wrestler fairly well. And if I may defend a man six feet five inches tall who can care for himself quite capably, I've never found Athol very villainous. He has always seemed a kind, considerate husband and father. Until he gave up managing a small hotel in Australia and took to wrestling in 1949 he had shown no special fondness for commercialized mayhem. He became a wrestler for the same high purpose that propelled one of our friends into banking and another into law—to make money.

At first Athol was professionally popular in Toronto—he was a Hero—and a fan club was formed in his honor. Socially we got along fine once our new neighbors got over the old notion that wrestlers are all Neanderthal throwbacks with frightful manners, large biceps and exceedingly small IQs. We installed John in public school and enrolled ourselves with an Anglican Church congregation. Athol found some excellent trout streams and several fishing cronies. On off nights he often took me to concerts or plays we wanted to see. I rarely went to watch Athol work—though women easily outnumber men at most wrestling matches, the awful truth is that I don't particularly like them—and this suited him just fine. “Whatever happens in the ring is my business,” he once told me. “At home it won't prevent us from having a good, quiet, private family life together.”

Just plain folks, us. That jolly little dream fell apart the first time Athol was matched against Whipper Billy Watson, one of Toronto's favorite sons, for the British Empire championship. In the unlikely event that Dr. Norman Vincent Peale should ever come to Mr. Watson's home town to challenge him, I dare say that reverend gentleman would find himself cast in the unfamiliar role of a bad guy. At any rate, almost overnight my soulmate became a Villain.

It's a cheering thought for any wife, as her husband sets out for the office, to know that fourteen thousand people will spend money that evening in hopes of seeing him dropped on his head. The prospect bothered Athol not at all. Before each of his three matches with Watson in 1951—none of which he won—he annoyed the patrons by having a butler serve tea in his corner, rankled them with condescending speeches about his fondness for “the natives,” then infuriated them by being exceptionally nasty toward the local favorite. The fans responded with righteous indignation. Men jeered and threw cigarette butts at his large lordship. Grey-haired grandmothers belabored him with their umbrellas.

Now this may be all in a night's work for a Villain—and he can reflect on it next morning en route to the bank—but it can also affect his next-of-kin in a great many ways, as we found out.

While Athol was feuding with Bill Watson, for example, our son John was frequently being taunted into schoolyard fights. Those torn shirts and black eyes had me puzzled, for John was a quiet boy who'd always gotten along well at school in Australia. The explanation turned out to be simple enough—all his classmates were militant members of the Whipper Watson Safety Club. My heart ached for John and I wanted to go out each day and walk him home from school. Athol, of course, wouldn't hear of it. “It's hard,” he said, “but the boy must learn to fend for himself.” We later heard from other parents that he'd learned

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“Our older son John has gone to more schools than a PhD. Chris here speaks in a blend of three dialects.”

The best fishing hole in B.C.

My uncle flew forward like a large khaki angel; his reel whined like a mosquito.

"Good bye child," he called

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BRUCE

BY VERNON HOCKLEY

I am afraid this has been a dull vacation for the little lady," said my uncle, meaning me.

"You would scarcely know," said my aunt. "You've been off fishing the whole time she's been here."

"That is just it," said my uncle; "I have been off fishing, so it must have been dull. But I intend to do something about that."

"Do you actually mean to stay home for a day?" said my aunt.

"No," said my uncle. "I leave again in the morning with Mr Lichenty, but this time we shall take the little lady along and show her the best fishing in B.C."

I said I was thrilled. My aunt started to pack an overnight bag and then chose a suitcase. "I had better put in plenty of things," she said, "because there is no telling where Richard and Mr Lichenty may take you."

"But surely," I said, "Uncle Dick knows where he is going."

"No," said my aunt. "If this is like all the other times somebody has just told him of a new fishing spot and he won't have looked it up on the map yet."

"A magnificent sense of humor," my uncle said in the morning. "So rare in a woman." He helped me into the car. "It was what attracted me to your aunt in the first place." He settled himself beside me and unfolded a huge map.

The car lurched forward and Mr Lichenty rapped my knee sharply as he shifted into second. I moved my knee over and Mr Lichenty rapped it again as he shifted into third. "Mr Lichenty is a good driver," my uncle said. He

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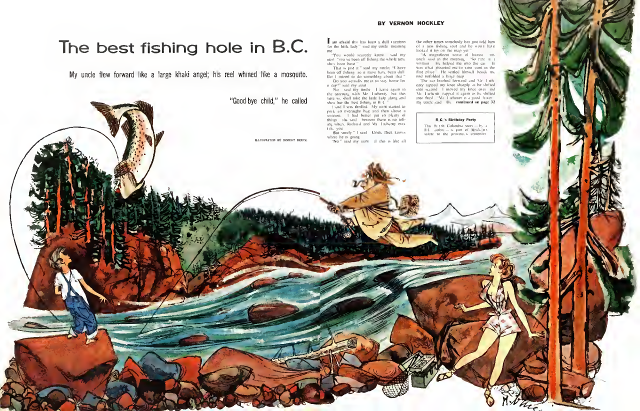
B.C.'s Birthday Party

This British Columbia story — by a B.C. author — is part of Maclean's salute to the province's centenary



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

From two different, but not opposite, points of vantage a noted layman and a noted educator offer provocative views on the education crisis

FRANC. R. JOUBIN SAYS

Schooling should start sooner, be tough, weed out failures

I decry the pernicious American (and Canadian) system of "keeping up with the Joneses"—and I dread the new prospect of "keeping up with the Joneskis."

In terms of education, however, I am afraid we must do so if we hope to survive. And all the signs I have seen indicate that we are falling short of the mark.

Why is it that in North America the admission of ignorance and a thirst for knowledge are construed as causes for shame? We have developed the dangerous and hypocritical pretense of knowing everything. Moreover, through a weird social convenience it is considered rude to voice contrary opinions or even to be outspokenly honest.

Instead of learning by thinking, we can now absorb our knowledge from movies, which have developed escapism to a high art by swinging us on a crazy trapeze from the emotional extremes of hate and terror to "love" at fusion temperatures; from television with its sugar-coated knowledge in capsule form—one free with every tube of tooth paste; from lurid pocket novels, made more attractive in pornographic covers; from newspaper headlines, often carrying freedom of the press to abusive excess; and from magazines, with more pictures than print because too many people are bored with reading and thinking.

The time has come—and some would say is overdue—when we should take an agonizing reappraisal of our entire educational pattern. And, to be honestly objective about it, one must look at education in the home as well as in the school, because the efficiency of any educational system is based on the success of home training in self discipline.

In recent years I have had the dubious pleasure of becoming an oracle and Horatio Alger type because I had the good fortune of leading a small and faithful group of co-workers in the discovery and development of more than a dozen new mines. Since then (1951) I have delivered a number of "visiting firemen" lectures to parent-teacher groups, insti-

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Franc. R. Joubin, one of Canada's foremost geologists, is discoverer of the famous Blind River uranium field.

DR. CLAUDE BISSELL SAYS

Universities must answer Sputnik with higher standards

In the general revival of education today, Canadian universities are for the first time in their history attracting wide popular attention. Part of the reason for this is, I think, the effect of statistics on a public that has recently developed an appetite for them. The certain leap in university enrollment from about seventy thousand in 1956 to about a hundred and forty thousand in 1965 is genuine news that consistently makes headlines.

The popular impact of the universities has now been immeasurably increased by the successful launching of a Russian satellite, and the more recent American success in the same field will, if anything, intensify the impact. The results of scientific research are now apparent even to the dullest mind. But recognition of the power of research is now accompanied by a new emphasis on the mass production of trained workers in this field. The commentators are impressed and often bemused by Russian statistics of the training of scientists and technologists, and see Western inferiority as largely a matter of a faulty production line in our schools and universities.

This concept of the university as a source of power is welcomed by academic people, particularly by administrators engaged in raising funds. It is far better that the university should be thought of as a power station than as a rustic mill; better that it should be thought of as a friend and comforter than as a stern, but ineffectual, schoolmaster.

But there are terrible dangers in this new climate of opinion, balmy as the breezes are and brightly as the sun shines. The danger is that power may receive a narrow and constricting meaning, that higher education may become simply a technique of mass production, and the mass production of one standard article: the engineer cum scientist.

One sometimes gets the impression that Western universities have neglected science. The truth is that science has always been an important element in the Western university tradition and

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Claude Bissell, president of Ottawa's Carleton University, is soon to become president of the University of Toronto.

Are our children growing up too fast?

They're growing taller younger and, some experts believe, maturing faster. Is the speed-up endangering their health? Here's what science has found out about a phenomenon that is changing our way of life

By Janice Tyrwhitt ILLUSTRATED BY LEW PARKER

Big babies are often leading problems. Now some doctors are asking if we're not harming our kids by overfeeding.

At eight a girl has already sprouted to three-quarters of her adult height. Boys grow at a slower rate. Canadian children are slightly smaller than kids in the U.S.

Today's teen-agers tower over mannequins dressed in costumes tailored for eighteenth- and nineteenth-century ladies of fashion.

The problems of youth have been aired so often that everyone knows today's teen-agers are really as old as their older brothers and sisters. Not long ago a schoolgirl was too young for dates, now she thinks she's on the shelf if she's not going steady. When a child of fourteen as formidably poised as Grace Kelly leaves for an evening with a hulking sixteen-year-old her worried father is apt to shake his head and mutter "Kids are growing up too fast these days."

Many scientists think father may be right. They know dietary and genetic factors have combined to make children in North America grow faster and bigger than children in almost any other time and place in history and that the children can expect to live longer and be healthier than their parents. But will the children live longer and be healthier *in spite of* the way they grow and *only* because of improvements in medical methods?

While scientists seek answers to the question of whether greater growth is good or bad kindergarten tots continue to outgrow their clothes at an increasing pace. High schools are crowded with six-footers and the University of Toronto now orders seven-foot beds for both men's and women's residences. According to a survey by the Canadian government in 1953 the average fifteen-year-old boy is more than three inches taller than his equivalent in a Toronto survey made thirty years earlier. Reports from Europe show that children abroad are steadily increasing in average size although their gains aren't as rapid as those on this continent. English five-year-olds, for instance, are an average of nearly two inches taller than their predecessors were forty years ago.

Controversies and changes in our living pattern have sprung from this spectacular speeding up of growth.

- If boys and girls are bigger and apparently more mature physically we may soon have to face a whole new set of problems in the guidance and education of teen-agers. Experts are still arguing over the key question: are children maturing earlier mentally and emotionally, or are their bodies outstripping their minds? When more evidence is assembled, we may find that we should encourage younger marriages, speed up schooling, and lower the age limits for voting, driving and drinking liquor.
- The curve of accelerated growth levels off: while the average child today is much taller than the average child of the same age a generation ago, the difference between average adult heights then and now is less striking. But the average continued on page 66

Furniture and clothing makers have had to rescale sizes to keep up with the expanding human frame. But the stress of fast growth may invite cancer and heart disease.

The half-fare mark (which measures off the height of an average 10-year-old) in Toronto street cars was raised from 51 to 53½ inches as long ago as 1942.

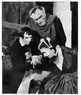
In the last 30 years the average 15-year-old Toronto boy has shot up three inches. And the U of T now orders 7-foot beds for both men and women.

Don Harron's losing struggle to sidestep stardom

He left a hit to study acting.
He gave up a Broadway lead
and turned down
a movie contract.
Now, famous in spite of himself,
he's a solid click
as an actor, playwright
and gag writer

By Alice Griffin & Barbara Moon

WITH KATHARINE HEPBURN: Harron appeared in The Merchant of Venice at Stratford, Conn., in 1957. Film contract followed.



WITH KATHARINE CORNELL. Harron was offered a lead in The Dark Is Light Enough (1954) but chose a bit part instead.

In show business, a world as superstitious in its way as seventeenth-century Salem, Mass., it's by now sullenly accepted that the path to fame is booby-trapped. The puritan gods must still be appeased for man's ambitions.

Consequently most theatre people distrust success not bought with a little defeat, disappointment or frustration. And the most generally accepted good-luck joss is a decent record of being turned away from casting offices with the words of the ancient litany: Don't call us; we'll call you.

But there's a handsome young man from Toronto who's been neglecting the prescribed sacrifices for thirteen years—and getting away with it.

His name is Donald Harron and at thirty-three he is an internationally successful stage, radio and TV actor, playwright, comedian and gag writer. Few people in show business have ever had it so smooth.

Most actors go to Hollywood and make gallant, despairing rounds of the major studios to find jobs. Harron, on the other hand, was sought out by two studios, Paramount and Columbia, last summer during the Stratford, Conn., Shakespearean Festival and offered contracts by both. Harron signed the one from Paramount and is currently waiting to see what they want him to do. As early as seven years ago he was offered a plummy seven-year contract from M-G-M, which he turned down.

Acting jobs, indeed, have seemed to thrust themselves upon him. His stage career started in Toronto in 1945 when Dora Mavor Moore, a substantial prop of home-grown Canadian theatre, literally picked him out of the audience at a play and offered him a part in Charley's Aunt, her next production.

He sailed into London's West End in 1950, with four hundred dollars and the name of one contact in his pocket. Within twenty-four hours he had been hired to be the victim of Vivien Leigh's sultry love-making in A Streetcar Named Desire and within two weeks he was making so much money he sent his four hundred dollars back to Toronto as a dollar-area reserve.

When producers say, Don't call us, we'll call you, they *call* him. During auditions for the first Stratford, Ont., Festival Harron eagerly told producer Tyrone Guthrie he'd even sweep floors in order to be in on the event. Guthrie said, "Good. Glad. Let you know." He did. He offered Harron the lead in All's Well That Ends Well playing Bertram opposite Irene Worth's Helena. Harron has starred at Stratford, Ont., every year since then except the last two years, when he appeared at Stratford, Conn., with Nina Foch and Katharine Hepburn respectively.

Far from suing for parts Harron has been besought to act in their plays by authors, among them England's Christopher Fry.

He has even been shanghaied into jobs he doesn't want. Once, waiting to keep an appointment at an English film studio, he was spotted by a woman executive who asked if he could dance. He said no, but she pushed him into a dressing room anyhow, told him he had just become a ballet dancer, and said he was about to make his film debut in Tales of Hoffmann starring Moira Shearer. "One of the boys from Sadler's Wells hasn't shown up yet," she said, "and we're ready to roll the sequence."

Harron has actually defied the gods right out loud without being struck by thunderbolts. Quite the contrary. Two years ago he boasted to some friends, "I bet I'm the only Canadian actor in New York who never went to Robert Whitehead and asked for a part." Whitehead is a native of Montreal and one of Broadway's five major producers. Two weeks later Whitehead himself called Harron to offer him the part of the young medical student in Terence Rattigan's Separate Tables. The show ran ten months in New York.

As a playwright Harron is an equally facile prodigy. His first effort two years ago was Turvey, an adaptation of a book by British Columbian Earle Birney. Far from collecting the trial-script's quota of rejection slips, the play was in production—by Toronto's New Play Society—before the ink was dry on the final line.

Turvey apparently pleased Michael Langham, director of the Stratford

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HARRON IN HOLLYWOOD: With wife Gloria and daughters Martha, six, and Mary, five, Don lives in a rented, antiques-filled home. He is now under contract to Paramount Pictures.

WITH ANTHONY QUINN: Harron visits the star on a Paramount sound stage to discuss the script of The Broken Jug, a Harron play now scheduled to move to Broadway in April.

Sweet & sour

DUNCAN MACPHERSON

If teachers taught the TV way

By Robert Thomas Allen

I notice that the art of cartooning has been taken over by those deadly-serious people who believe nobody with a TV set can understand a thing unless it's presented with little figures shaped like salt shakers and told in comic book dialogue with lots of irritability, rudeness and crusty characters and avoidance of any words that wouldn't be used in a game of marbles.

This is known as presenting a subject in popular, easily understood form and is gaining ground rapidly. I see no reason why it shouldn't in turn be used in our schools and universities. For instance a professor of physics could set up a quarrel with his assistant and liven the whole thing up with easily understood dialogue.

"What's a matter—you got bonkers in your head or sumpin?" he could snap. "Every dope knows that Old Man Force is a real meanie an' if that jerk Mass One and his pal Mass Two get together why he jes puffs himself up till he's as strong as both of 'em multiplied together."

"How about that guy Inverse Square that lives in the distance between 'em?" the assistant says irritably.

"Now don't you start tryin' to get these nice people mixed up," the professor grumbles. "Every dough head knows that he cuts 'em down to his size. But I'm comin' to that bum."

There's no reason why if this treatment makes everything clearer to TV viewers, it wouldn't make it clearer to students in the classroom. Any topic could be cleared up this way. Newton's First Law could be presented by a funny, cranky little man in a little car shouting "Go ahead, push me! Push me! I'll keep right on rollin' till some wise guy stops me!"

The Pythagorean theorem could be presented as little men sliding down the slope of a right angle triangle and yelling, "Look, no hands! Any guy thinks a square built on that ain't just as big as squares on the other two sides PUT TOGETHER is a slob!"

In algebra Old Mister Equation could say "Any you birds try dividin' both sides o' me by the same lil' ol' number is gonna find I have the same lil' ol' root I had when yuh started."

All great literature could be presented in comic book language. Keats' A Thing of Beauty could start "When sumpin's particularly purty." Shakespeare's sonnet "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," could start "When I'm as low as a busted rocket and plain plumb sick of it all."

This technique could be varied by the use of occasional cowboy stories. The Bible could be told in episodes, like Gunsmoke Over Old Bethlehem. Plato's Apology could be told a lot better as a western, with The Law represented by the Sheriff of Cochise and Socrates as a saddle bum. Instead of The Law saying, "Tell us, Socrates, what are you about?" he would drawl "Aimin' on leavin', mister?" Crito, who tries to get Tex Socrates to do something against cowboy principles could be a dude who likes opera and talks with a cultured accent, and The Good could be a young sheep raiser just out from Kansas who says "We want the Town of Mankind, Arizona, to be a fit place to raise our children."

There's just no end to the possibilities. All the arts and sciences could be brought right down to a level where everybody could understand them without having to work or study or think, and it would be according to basic scientific methods. After all, science is an attempt to reduce the complexity of life to simple principles, and if we can reduce everything to the principles of a cowboy or a cartoon, the trick will be done.

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley

THE ARRIVAL OF BRIDES FROM FRANCE

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **WINDOM'S WAY:** A compassionate but stubborn English physician (Peter Finch) awkwardly attempts a reconciliation with his wife (Mary Ure) on an island in the Far East but soon finds himself with few friends and several sets of enemies. An interesting British drama.

BITTER VICTORY: A cowardly major (Curt Jurgens) and a mocking, soul-sick captain (Richard Burton) carry on a deadly feud while on a British army mission in German-held Bengasi. The film is compelling in spots but the characters remain shadowy throughout.

COWBOY: A good hard-boiled western with much less than the usual frontier hokum. With Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon.

THE DEEP SIX: Brought up as a peace-loving Quaker, a quiet ad-agency artist (Alan Ladd) goes to war as an American naval officer. To nobody's astonishment he turns out to be a fearless fighting man. Rating: fair.

THE FEMALE ANIMAL: A shallow and formula-ridden drama about life in Hollywood, with Hedy Lamarr as an "ageless" glamour-girl, Jane Powell as her rebellious daughter, and George Nader as a high-minded muscle-boy who is torn between them.

THE GIFT OF LOVE: This is the sort of soap-operatic tearjerker that sometimes flourishes at the box office. Lauren Bacall dies after five years of her unending honeymoon with a boyish mathematical wizard (Robert Stack) but manages to keep in touch with their precocious adopted daughter (Evelyn Rudie). Rating: fair.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMEDY: Although the spoken commentary is far too wordy and emphatic, movie fans who are no longer teen-agers should relish this nostalgic roundup of silent-screen funny bits. Laurel & Hardy, Harry Langdon, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops are featured.

NO TIME FOR TEARS: A pleasant but too-sugary British comedy-drama about the activities in a children's hospital. Anna Neagle is the queenly matron-of nurses.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

All Mine to Give: Drama. Fair.
April Love: Comedy-drama. Good.
Bolshoi Ballet: Russian dancers in London. Excellent.
Bonjour Tristesse: Idle-rich drama. Fair.
The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action drama. Tops.
The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.
Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.
Chase a Crooked Shadow: British suspense thriller. Good.
Davy: Drama with music. Fair.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm-mob drama. Good.
Don't Go Near the Water: Navy-base comedy. Good.
The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.
Escapade in Japan: Adventure and comedy. Good.
A Farewell to Arms: War and love. Fair.
Fort Dobbs: Western. Fair.
The Hard Man: Western. Good.
A Handful of Rain: Drama. Good.
High Flight: Air force drama. Fair.
The Last Bridge: War drama. Good.
Man in the Shadow: Western. Good.
Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good.
The One That Got Away: Escape drama. Good.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.
Peyton Place: Drama. Good.
The Quiet American: Drama. Good.
Raintree County: "Epic" drama. Fair.
Robbery Under Arms: Adventure in Australia. Good.
Sayonara: Japan drama. Good.
The 7 Hills of Rome: Mario Lanza, mits of comedy. Fair.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Stopover Tokyo: Spy drama. Poor.
Summer Love: Teen-age musical drama. Fair.
The Tarnished Angels: Drama. Poor.
Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
The Tin Star: Western. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
Torero: Bullfight drama. Excellent.
Walk Into Hell: Adventure. Fair.
Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.

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PACKAGE

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Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

The best fishing hole in B.C.

Continued from page 21

The proprietor eyed us curiously. "It's a good spot — if'n you got the right tackle, that is"

once played first violin in a symphony orchestra and was famous for his tremolo. You will notice it on the curves."

"I have always been awed by the gradual break of day in these latitudes," said Mr Lichenty, peering up at the sky. "How different it is along the Line, where indeed the dawn comes up like thunder."

I said that I had been along the Line and had noticed no difference in the dawn.

"Child," said my uncle, "Mr Lichenty is a traveled man. He means the equator. Also it will be well if he pays less attention to the dawn and more to that Greyhound bus coming up like thunder at nine o'clock low."

We swerved past the bus and came to a stop under a set of road signs. "I believe we should leave the highway here," said Mr Lichenty.

"Perhaps we had better," said my uncle. "Someone may wish to use it."

The road we now took had been cut through millions of trees and past miles of flooded meadows, in one of which a strange looking animal stood spraddle legged with its head entirely under water. "That is a moose," said my uncle.

"He's dead," said Mr Lichenty. "He must be dead. I'm sure he's dead. He hasn't moved a muscle."

"How could he be dead standing up?" said my uncle. "Maybe the moose up here are like ostriches. Maybe they think they can hide by shoving their heads under water."

At this moment the moose raised his great head and shook showers of water from a clump of grass that he had plucked from the meadow bottom. He paid no attention to us as we passed. "He probably has never before seen human beings," said Mr Lichenty.

"Apparently," said my uncle, "just as some human beings have never before seen a moose."

I drowsed past more millions of trees and miles of meadow while my uncle and Mr Lichenty puzzled over the existence of a low fence that now appeared beside the road.

"Obviously someone built it with a purpose," said Mr Lichenty, "yet it is half under water and encloses nothing. It is like a house with one wall."

"Speaking of houses," said my uncle, "we should shortly reach a small hotel, the Something Mile House. Like most places up here it is named for the distance it is from anywhere."

The hotel turned out to be part store, shelves sprinkled with toys, stuffed Santa Clauses and stockings. A banner across the room spelled out MERRY CHRISTMAS in big red letters. "This is the middle of June," said my uncle to the proprietor. "Are you six months early or six months late?"

"I'm right up to date," said the proprietor. "First year I was in this country I had taken my Christmas stuff down in January. The Indians made me put it up again. Doggone Indians like Christmas so much they want to have it all year round. To me, sir, the customers are always right. If they say it's Christmas, Christmas it is."

"A brilliant whimsy," said my uncle. "Perhaps then we might order a dinner of roast turkey and plum pudding."

"You sure might," said the proprietor. "Just step into the dining room, ma'am and gentlemen." He swung open two large doors and exposed a table so long that its sides seemed to meet in perspective like the tracks of a railway. "We get a right smart of a crowd here at times," the proprietor said.

"But where do so many come from?" said Mr Lichenty.

"Oh, from here and there like," the man said. "The Indian women are right partial to eating out."

"I would guess," said my uncle, "that you're from the South." The proprietor nodded.

"Oklahoma. I left to get shut of the wind. Doggone little old twister came across my place one day just a fuming and a furieting. Laid my buildings out like a boardwalk."

"By the way," said my uncle, "perhaps you could tell us why that long sunken fence was built back up the road."

"Now there was a caution," said our host. "Seems a big fur syndicate farmed those marshes for mink or marten or polecats. I disremember which exactly—"

"Let us say a small fur bearing animal," said my uncle.

"Anyway there were scads of them until somebody got to fretting about whether they might migrate. Some expert said they would and that they'd move east, nowhere but east. But directly the fence was built they all moved west clear out of the country. Another expert came up and looked things over and guess what he said."

"It was the fence."

"Yes, sir. Those little musses would boat around the marsh and directly they hit the fence they got a hemmed in feeling. So they lit out in the opposite direction."

"A highly moral tale," said my uncle. "Now our curiosity has been satisfied along with our appetites, and we must be off for the best fishing spot in B.C. I presume you have heard of Blackpool Rapids?"

The man eyed us curiously. "I have heard say there's some right good fishing there," he said. "If'n you got the tackle, that is."

"Oh, we've got plenty of tackle," said my uncle, "and Mr Lichenty here is the second-best fly fisherman in the province."

"Do tell?" said the proprietor as we left the hotel.

"I don't like the way he said that," said Mr Lichenty.

"WE have arrived," said my uncle some three hours later. I woke with a start to the sound of his voice and the roar of rushing water. Just ahead of us a little boy rounded the corner of a log cabin and waved his arms excitedly.

"Hey, Pa!" he said. "A car, a car! Come quick, Pa. It's a car!"

"What's so wonderful about a car, son?" said my uncle as the boy ran up to us.

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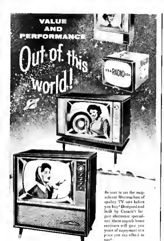

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"Oh, the hot cars never come here!" said the boy. "We get all our stuff in with horses and wagons."

"We are fishermen, son," said my uncle. "Do you suppose we might catch anything at this time of day?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the boy. "You can catch fish here anytime if you have the tackle."

"Excellent," said my uncle. "Tell your father we shall be back shortly with some good fish for your supper." He drew his waders and a large enamelled box from the car.

"What is all this about tackle, Richard?" said Mr. Lichenty as we walked past the cabin.

"I suppose it is merely that our modest manner misleads these folk," said my uncle. "It is likely that they take us to be—" He paused suddenly as a river came into view. Water foamed past hundreds of rocks and eddied furiously in black pools. "Great heavens, Lich," my uncle said in changed tones, "could any fish live in such a maelstrom?"

"One thing certain," said Mr. Lichenty, "is that we cannot wade in it. We must fish from the shore." He moved gingerly downstream away from us as my uncle set up his rod and swished it experimentally.

"I see no place where a fish might lie," my uncle said in a mutter, as if to himself. "Perhaps I had better cast to the centre of the current in the hope that some desperate trout may try to save his life by clinging to the line."

He sent the line out with an effortless flick. At the same instant his feet left the ground in a sort of levitation and he flew forward like a large khaki angel. In the wink of an eye he was balancing furiously on a rock some eight feet out in the river. The reel on his rod whined like a mosquito. "Good-bye, child," he said, leaping in the same inhuman manner to a more distant rock, "and be sure to tell your aunt that you are to have my copy of Swinburne in the calfskin cover." By this time he was balanced on a third rock and aiming desperately for another. I ran along the bank and wrung my hands while he skipped from rock to rock far out in the torrent. After what seemed hours he suddenly relaxed and picked his way miraculously back to the shore as Mr. Lichenty came up beside me.

"I hooked the devil," said Mr. Lichenty, "and he broke my leader. Ten-pound test too."

"I can well believe it," said my uncle. "I just hooked his mother and she got away too."

They turned somberly as the little boy from the cabin came running down to us. He glanced at their rods and shook his head. "Oh, sirs," he said, "you'll never catch anything with those. Please wait and I will get you some tackle." My uncle nodded to Mr. Lichenty as the boy ran back to the cabin. Mr. Lichenty nodded to my uncle. They waited silently while the boy came back with an enormous shaft of unpeeled spruce.

"That isn't a pole!" said my uncle. "It's a mast." The boy worked industriously over a coil of string.

"And that isn't a line," said Mr. Lichenty. "It's a hawser."

"It would be at that," said my uncle. "He's tying an anchor on the end."

The boy finished with the line and laid his pole carefully across a huge rock. "Now, sirs," he said, "if you will both be ready with the pole when a fish strikes—"

My uncle and Mr. Lichenty leaped forward automatically as the boy tossed the line into the river. They strove with the pole, looking like soldiers raising a flag over Iwo Jima or somewhere. Something heavy swished over my head and landed with a thud on the bank. The boy ran up to retrieve his hook.

"It is only a small rainbow," he said. "About nine pounds. We will likely do better the next time."

A LITTLE later my uncle and Mr. Lichenty stood panting over a long row of magnificent fish, silver colored, flecked and striped with pink and purple, as long and sleek and round as new-peeled fence posts. I put my hands together and prepared to jump up and down in a way that always had seemed to please people, particularly middle-aged men. Then it occurred to me that my uncle and Mr. Lichenty looked strangely solemn. They reminded me of two pallbearers standing beside a grave.

"This is horrible, Lich," my uncle said suddenly.

"I haven't even counted the fish we've caught."

"I haven't even counted the species."

"And we haven't been fishing an hour."

"Ghastly."

"What is wrong, Uncle Dick?" I said. "Aren't you happy to have caught so many fish?"

My uncle looked at me in a shocked way. Mr. Lichenty held his breath. "We must make allowances, Lich," said my uncle. He turned to the little boy.

"Could you and your father use these fish, son?"

"Oh yes, sir. Pa could smoke them."

"That is a relief," said my uncle, sighing deeply. "You will please ask that he accept them with our sincere good wishes." He turned aside. "I do not wish to see the fish again," he said. He pressed his hand to his eyes. "Forgive a moment of weakness," he said. He walked away. "The memory of the words 'We are fishermen,'" he said, "is like ashes over my head."

We drove off with my uncle and Mr. Lichenty still in a state of shock. "We shall drive all night," said my uncle. "There is a bit of lunch here for the little lady. You and I, Lich, must fast. I had counted on stopping at the Something Main Santa Claus Hotel for a hunk of cold turkey, but the thought of being asked how the fishing was makes starvation seem a less humiliating prospect."

I slept by fits through the darkness, waking once to a flurry of shouts and scraping noises when Mr. Lichenty himself fell asleep and drove into a field of boulders and stumps.

"Where's the road?" said my uncle.

"It was right there a minute ago," said Mr. Lichenty. They clambered out and searched widely for the road, one to each side with a flashlight.

"You are the best driver in the world, Lich," said my uncle, returning to climb firmly behind the wheel. "A lesser one could never have got so far from the road over such rough ground."

BY DAWN we had reached the outskirts of a large town. "I must have coffee or die," said my uncle. "This restaurant is still closed, but there may be cooks in the rear." Leaving Mr. Lichenty asleep in the car we made our way to the alley behind the restaurant.

"Don't look now, Uncle Dick," I said, "but there is a policeman watching us."

"Never mind, child," said my uncle. "This town is policed by RCMP officers, every one a perfect gentleman." He pounded on the rear door of the restaurant and tried the knob. The policeman, who had been standing across the alley, took a step forward. My uncle put his

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knee against the door and shoved hard.

"What are you doing there?" said the policeman.

"I am trying to get a cup of coffee," said my uncle.

"You can't buy nothin' till the place opens," said the policeman. "City bylaw. You'd better move along."

"I do not intend to buy the coffee," said my uncle. "I intend to borrow it. There's no law against that."

"Yes there is," said the policeman, "that would be begging. And if you don't stop shoving against that door you may be charged with breaking and entering."

At this moment the door opened and a surly-looking man in a white apron peered out. "Who's making all that racket?" he said.

"This is the police," said my uncle, nodding toward the officer. "We want three cups of coffee." The policeman turned red in the face and opened his mouth but was able only to swallow.

"I'll come in with you and get the coffee," said my uncle, stepping forward so that the man backed into the restaurant. The policeman was still swallowing when they disappeared. He looked down at me severely.

"Are you with that cheeky old chap?" he said. I said I was, and that he wasn't a cheeky old chap, he was my uncle. The policeman lowered his brows. "You sure he just didn't pick you up somewhere?" This seemed an insult to Canadian womanhood.

"Officer," I said, "if you doubt me you can go out on the street and ask Mr. Lahenty, who is traveling with us. Mr. Lahenty is a cosmopolite, just in case you own a dictionary." I was very angry with the policeman. "Mr. Lahenty once led a symphony orchestra in Europe."

"Don't get sore, Miss," the policeman said. "I guess I was a little hasty. Somebody put a bomb in the Legion Hall last night and we've been out looking for suspects. Well, I guess I'll just be getting along now."

"Aren't you going to wait for your coffee?" I said.

"No, Miss," said the policeman, "thanks just the same. You give the coffee to your friend with the symphony orchestra." He walked off down the alley.

"A lecturous chap," my uncle said as we drove away. He glanced at Mr. Lahenty, who was still asleep. "I had hoped for one cup of coffee, but scarcely for two."

I WOKE in bed with vague memories of having arrived somewhere and of having unpacked my aunt's suitcase to get a nightgown. It was still daylight. "I'm home," I said to myself. But the room was wrong. It was made of logs, and there was no print of the Fathers of Confederation on the wall, only a fly-covered calendar with a picture of an indecent-looking creature making muscles with her legs. "Hussy," I said dreamily for lack of a worse name, "you can't say there are no flies on you, anyway."

I might have gone on for an hour talking to the thing on the calendar if my uncle hadn't suddenly walked in holding a little bunch of surprised-looking fish. "What do you think of these, child?" he said. I tried to decide whether the light in his eye was a glint or a sparkle.

"There aren't very many of them, are there?" I said, going for the glint. My uncle held the fish very still. "I mean," I said, "they're pretty small, aren't they?"

My uncle turned as Mr. Lahenty peeked shyly in from the doorway. "Lach," said my uncle, "come in and ask this young woman's opinion of your catch. You may find it illuminating."

Mr. Lahenty looked uncertainly from my uncle to me and held up another little bunch of fish. "Why, they're lovely," I said. "They're beautiful fish." I put my hands together and bounced lightly on the bed.

"What did you mean by teasing me that way?" said my uncle, pretending to be angry. "For a minute I thought you were serious." He held his catch higher and shook his head as if in amazement. "That big one there," he said, pointing to the most surprised-looking of the fish, "must weigh nearly two pounds. Gave me quite a tussle, too. I had him this way—" he made motions as if holding a rod "—then I did this—" he made another motion "—and then I did this." He nodded to Mr. Lahenty. "That was the way I did it," said my uncle.

"And I," said Mr. Lahenty, hurrying to speak while my uncle was busy drawing a breath, "I hooked one beside a rock. An immense fish! I leaped to the rock! He circled it. I spun like a dancer—"

"By the way," said my uncle, looking suddenly bored, "we shall start for home immediately. Mr. Lahenty and I had to stop here to get the bad taste out of our mouths."

"We have only a few miles to go," said Mr. Lahenty, still panting from his memories. "It amazes me that we should choose to journey all over the province when right here at home we have—"

"—the best fishing in B.C.," said my uncle. ★

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Don Harron's losing struggle to side-step stardom

continued from page 27

"To live it up or kick it off, that's the bit," soliloquized Harron's hop-talking Hamlet

Festival so much that, murmuring "Probably the most talented of the Canadian dramatists," he picked Harron to adapt a German farce, The Broken Jug, for the Stratford company's tour this winter and spring. The Broken Jug, now become an Upper Canada farce in a War of 1812 setting, had its world premiere in London, Ont., on Feb. 12. It was so well received there that Langham came out of the theatre and announced, "It's a winner." The Broken Jug opened in Toronto on February 24 and moved to New York on April 1. This is the first work specifically to be commissioned for the Stratford company and marks its first departure from the strict classics.

Harron's first play also pleased Joseph Hyman, a U.S. movie and play producer. After reading Turvey, Hyman commissioned Harron to adapt for the stage a novel, Leaven of Malice, by Peterborough editor and drama critic Robertson Davies. Harron is working on the new play right now while on Paramount's payroll in Hollywood, and plans are afoot for a Broadway production in the 1958-59 season.

Harron is further in demand as a professional gag writer. This career got started when he was a ten-year-old Cub Scout in Toronto and worked up a chalk talk for a pack minstrel show. As he recalls it: "I would draw a potato and transform it into a picture of Mussolini while keeping up a scintillating line of patter like, 'I'll bet you didn't know Mussolini isn't really Italian. He's an Irishman and his real name is Dick Tater.'"

Ripened by four years of undergraduate Harron skits at the University of Toronto, Harron's patter now sells like hot cakes. The annual New Play Society's Spring Thaw revue has depended heavily, for almost ten years, on his comic sketches. In last year's Spring Thaw one of the best received numbers was Harron's Something Cool in Denmark, which was based on the premise that, what with the Stratford Jazz Festival running concurrently, the Shakespearean Festival might well find itself with a whole new clientele. Harron therefore rendered the "To be or not to be" soliloquy as "To live it up or kick it off, that's the bit." At the close of the hop-talk parody Horatio looked at the corpses strewn about the stage and gave the curtain line with a real gone shrug. "Man," he breathed, "this is the absolute end."

Other satisfied Harron clients include British comediennes Gracie Fields and Hermione Gingold. In fact Miss Gingold turned down a proposed American show not long ago because Harron had no time to write material for her.

The clients also include Harron himself. He has been delivering his own routines on stage, radio and television for years.

Harron's best-known auto-creation is Farmer Harry Shorthorn, a malinformed Ontario rustic who tours the CNE midway and says things like, "I take every

Who is it?

This westerner began to carve a career in sports, but found stardom instead as a singer. Turn to page 39 to see who he grew up to be.

A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry. It depicts the magic moment when, according to Pacific Coast Indians, the divine raven stole the sun and so produced daylight.

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thing I see in this Middleway with a dose of salts. Take that there two-headed boy from Borneo; oh, he got two heads right enough but I got my doubts he's really from Borneo." Shorthorn is based on Harron's firsthand observations on a worker on threshing gangs and only once has a real farmer quibbled about his accuracy. The farmer objected to a monologue concerning Shorthorn's trip to town to buy a car. Shorthorn came in carrying a cream can crammed with money. When the weary salesman finished counting bills and silver he reported Shorthorn was a hundred and twenty dollars shy of the sale price. Said Shorthorn, "Uh my gol, I musta brought the wrong can." It was based, Harron reported aggrievedly to the plaintiff, on a true incident.

Aside from the farmer, everyone else seems to love Shorthorn. In fact a few years ago Harron was offered seven hundred and fifty dollars a week to present Shorthorn in a nightly one-man act during the Canadian National Exhibition. At the time — it was before the CNE started self-consciously recruiting Canadian talent for the grandstand show — this was an unprecedented offer to a hometown boy.

Harron turned down the contract. He said he didn't want to get typed as a comedian. Actually, Harron has more than once tried to sidestep or postpone early fame. It's possible to suspect that his facile success in so many fields periodically disquiets him to the point of invoking counter-charms. At a single sentence from Tyrone Guthrie Harron once threw up his flourishing career in North America to study acting in England for a year. It was during the 1953 Stratford season. Guthrie was watching the cast pose for photographs and as Harron left the stage remarked idly to him, "How have you come so far with such a paucity of gesture?" The minute the Festival was over Harron boarded ship for England, joined the Bristol Old Vic and spent a year learning classic technique.

Lost in The Dark

He has also talked himself out of good roles into bad ones. Four years ago Director Guthrie McClintic offered him the part of the romantic juvenile in Christopher Fry's The Dark Is Light Enough, which starred Katharine Cornell. Harron took the script home and read it. He returned the next day and asked for another, smaller, harder role—that of a "senseless intellectual," a member of the baroness's coterie.

The critics, who gave high praise to the juvenile, practically overlooked Harron.

He tends, almost superstitiously, to discount his talents. He claims that he got his first West End part, in A Streetcar Named Desire, because he had a head cold that gave his voice "a sensitive brooding quality." When he was offered the role in Separate Tables on Broadway he told the director he wasn't sure he could handle an English accent, though he had played at the Bristol Old Vic for a season. He turned down the first movie contract offered him—by M G M—because he was afraid he wasn't ready for Hollywood. Of himself as a dramatist he has said, "The most I could hope to be is a transitional kind of playwright, to entertain and amuse people until a more important playwright comes along."

A friend explains Harron's chronic job juggling in one word, "Security," and expands: "If he loses one job he still has three left." But there's some evidence that quadrupling his career is just another way of propitiating the gods by making life harder for himself. Harron works almost compulsively. At one juncture, after finishing a tour in Fry's A Sleep of Prisoners, he latched up in Toronto, appearing monthly as Farmer Shorthorn on TV's The Big Revue, taking leads in TV dramas every three weeks, writing thirteen installments for a radio series of Leacock's Sunshine Sketches and playing Richard in The Lady's Not For Burning, on stage.

On one memorable day he arose at 7 a.m., worked all day on an original half-hour TV script, got to the TV station at 6 p.m. to play the farmer and left at 8.15 p.m. to make an 8.30 curtain of The Lady. Ripping off Shorthorn's overalls and pulling on Richard's tights Harron suddenly found he couldn't remember one line of the intricate Fry dialogue. He recovered on stage but swore never again to finesse so many commitments. The resolution lasted two months.

On one recent day in Toronto he rehearsed all morning in what he describes as "the nightmarish role of a mousy square in an office" for a CBC TV play, The Prizewinner; in the afternoon he watched rehearsals of The Broken Jug, based on his fifth and final draft. In the evening he wrote a TV comedy monologue for Henry Shorthorn. A month later he left for Hollywood under contract to Paramount, armed with fanfare from family and friends, a flurry of local newspaper notices and a nationwide proclamation by Hedda Hopper in her syndicated column that Paramount's new find was "a cross between Montgomery Clift and Leslie Howard." Miss Hopper added a chaste postscript: "Wow!" Harron admits Vivien Leigh told him admiringly on hearing he would play opposite her in Streetcar: "I'm sure we'll have just bags of fun kissing each other."

Harron himself is less ardent in his appraisal. "I'm really not the he-man type with muscles and a shirt open," he says.

He is a slim, narrow, nut-brown lad with white teeth, intelligent dark eyes and a tendency never to be caught taking anything seriously in public, least of all himself.

For instance, in acknowledging a fairly brilliant academic career he's more apt to say, "The teachers kept promoting me to make room," than to mention the respectable batch of scholarships and medals he collected. He's also more apt to mention flunking disastrously an aptitude test for mechanical ability than to report that he graduated from Victoria College, University of Toronto, with honors in Philosophy and English. His studies were interrupted by two years in the RCAF as a pilot officer.

While Harron, who is the son of a Toronto civil engineer, Lionel Harron, was waiting to re-enter college after his RCAF discharge he strayed into a production of Fannal Oak by Dora Mavor Moore's Village Players. Mrs. Moore waylaid him on the way out. "I was exactly what she was looking for," reports Harron. "A male between eighteen and eighty with no major speech impediment. That's how things were just before full-scale demobilization."

From then on Harron's life began to get complicated. For four years he combined a tough college course with singing, radio performances, varsity skits and the courtship of a classmate, Gloria Fisher.

Gloria is a slender vivid redhead whom Harron describes as "a perfectly normal girl who happens to have been born without a sense of time." Actor Eric Christmas reports that he and Harron once wrote an entire radio script between courses of a dinner Gloria served. Scene 1 was started during tomato juice at 5.30 p.m. and the denouement came shortly after dessert at 11.

Harron and Miss Fisher were married after graduation in 1949. Harron immediately stepped up his activities as actor and comedian and began writing radio scripts. Within a year he had saved enough money to transport them both to England where, as elsewhere recorded, he landed on his feet inside twenty-four hours. Soon he had acquired a sheaf of excellent reviews and one prized oral tribute. After opening night of the stage adaptation of The Seventh Veil, in which he played with English star Ann Todd, Harron was leaving by the stage door when a man fell into step with him long enough to say, "You don't know me, but I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your performance." Harron did know him, since the man was Alec Guinness.

Harron also established his reputation as a scripter by writing revue sketches. He did some for Lancashire comedienne Gracie Fields, a second for Irish comedian Bonar Colleano, and a third for Canadian comedian Bernie Braden. He returned to North America only when Christopher Fry offered him the part of Peter Abel in the U.S. production of his verse drama, A Sleep of Prisoners. Harron's second sojourn in England, at the Bristol Old Vic, followed a couple of years later, in 1953-54. At other times he has made his professional headquarters in Toronto, New York, Stratford, Ont., and Stratford, Conn.

On January 1 of this year Harron's home base finally became Hollywood. He had already moved his family—his wife Gloria and his two daughters, Martha, almost seven, and Mary, five—out to the west coast and acquired a little house on a hill furnished with antiques ("Like a staid millionaire's cottage in Muskoka," Harron reports).

But even if he falls as easily into the career of movie star as he has into all his other careers, Harron's still gnawing his fingers, spitting nervously over his left shoulder and carrying on with his playwriting, jug writing and comedy team.

As he once said, "I would always like to feel that there's some place else for me to go in this business of mine." ★

Answer to

Who is it? on page 37

Wally Koster, once a promising semi-professional hockey player in his native Winnipeg, is starred on TV's Cross Canada Hit Parade.

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For the sake of argument continued from page 22
FRANC. R. JOUBIN

"Education is pictured as a happy grab bag of some work and some play . . . all in soft doses"

tutes and universities in Canada and the United States, and at each one almost without exception some incident has occurred to make me question our system and our philosophy of education.

This is typical. At an Ontario university a fourth year geological-engineering student approached me after a talk and said "Is there any real future in geology? I want to get married this spring, so I don't want to spend the summer or the rest of my life in field work. Do you think law offers a better future?"

This grave uncertainty, this basic lack of faith or conviction has been put to me a hundred times or more. Each time I react with mixed sympathy and alarm.

I am not an educator. In fact I am somewhat out of touch with the educational system of today except where I work around the edge of the problem—as the parent of a teen-ager, as a primary and high school trustee, as a technical institute counselor, as a lecturer to university groups (mostly in the engineering faculties) and as an employer.

From these fringes, however, I have drawn several conclusions:

1 Parents and educators up to university entrance are guilty of underselling education to the young. (Education is pictured as a happy grab bag of some work, some play, some social adjustment—all in soft doses. This approach develops a lazy desire for education rather than a burning demand for it.)

2 We are forgetting that education must be the development of knowledge and that knowledge is power, a readily marketable commodity in any society.

3 Too little attention is paid to the need for gainful employment during youth.

4 We are fast losing the use of our hands as creative tools.

5 Formal education could well start as early as three years of age. (At least educational training should start then. Certainly six years of age is too late if the home will not provide the pre-school lessons in self discipline our students need. One of my strongest personal convictions is that true success comes from the realization that work is fun.)

6 Primary and high schools give far too little homework. (They don't demand enough real brain exercise, not only in terms of hours but in terms of accomplishment.)

7 We should return to the competitive grading system and accelerate the bright students, fail or retard the slow.

8 We should revive the strap—not for use in cases of mental deficiencies but to control clear-cut cases of insubordination.

9 Schools are not the best, or only, places to learn "social adjustment." The home, the streets, the back alleys, the playing fields are far superior.

10 There is a national and personal waste of time, effort, money and facilities, by training university graduates (mostly girls) who do not practice their professional training. (As a result we are excluding brainy people who should go to university but don't. There definitely is an unreasonable prejudice against female professional people and we must learn to change this situation if the best use of our universities is to be made.)

11 I often wonder if we use our uni-

JASPER By Simpkins

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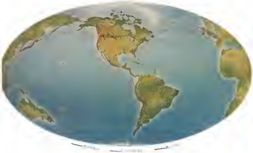

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versity plants in the most economic way. They appear to be geared to a primitive agricultural economy.

Occasionally, of course, I think back on my own rugged brand of education—from the mid Twenties, through the Depression, to the early Forties. When I compare it with what I see around me today I am disturbed.

As an advocate of the hard-way approach to education I am, of course, unpopular. But I am certain that the soft way is the cause of our educational dilemma today.

My high school training in British Columbia covered three years against the present four and often five years of today. Throughout that period I was employed daily after school and on Saturdays as a bicycle-delivery boy and later as a baker's helper. This employment took up twelve hours per week. I was sports-conscious in the personal participation sense, and school YMCA sports took up another eight hours per week. About three hours per day were devoted to homework. I was only what you might call a good second-class student — I had to work hard to learn—but thanks to the disciplinary training of my only surviving parent, my mother, I could work when I had to.

Despite this heavy schedule I found time to pass all my grades, engage in sketching and water-color work (some of it professionally) and to read much of the classical literature of two languages, French and English. My hobbies included tinkering with radio construction and the care of an assortment of pets: a goat, seven pigeons, rabbits and a dog.

Strangely I never felt I was being subjected to parental or scholastic slavery, as many students feel today with a fraction of those responsibilities. A monthly report card gave me my rank with precise, if brutal, frankness.

My education was not well rounded, however, by today's standards. Even to this day I am a totally inadequate ballroom dancer — though a good gandy dancer. Strangely though, defects like this have not yet proved much of a handicap.

Since my school days something has happened to our attitudes toward education, and the kind of regimen that was not unusual in the mid Twenties and the late Thirties would be looked upon with horror right now.

Yet practically all of us in Canada were our usual complacent selves concerning our educational system until we were rudely alerted by the alarm of our southern cousins at the appearance in space of Sputnik I. Prior to that the majority of us were quite satisfied that the North American "permissive" system of education was the best available.

We seem to have lost the ability of critical self-analysis and we have replaced it with the self-imposed hypnosis that we are the super race of this era and it therefore follows that everything we have, that everything we do, is the best.

It alarms me that we on this continent, so vast, so rich in natural resources, so unfettered with political-historical-geographical prejudices, should exploit our inheritance with such a vulgar and dangerous philosophy, rather than in a decent and constructive humility. Yet this is what we are doing.

We have the longest automobiles, the highest paid, undulating guitar players and the most pernicious credit system in the world. We are educating ourselves to want and accept these things.

Sputnik I demonstrated to the world and Sputnik 2 emphasized what intelligent men have always realized: no race, no color, no creed, no sex and no political system holds a monopoly on brain power. If any generalization at all can be made about the development of outstanding minds it is that the most conducive environment is a "hard" rather than a "soft" one.

If you examine the life histories and the educational backgrounds of the brilliant minds in the fields of science, the arts, or statesmanship you will find that the overwhelming majority were subjected to great financial, racial, political or other handicaps.

Even on this continent, with what we think is an enviable educational system, we have not been able to "grow" our own brains. Most of the leading scientists in the presently critical fields of fission, fusion and rocketry development have been imports from countries whose educational systems did not offer much in the way of chocolate milk, soft drinks, baton twirling majorettes and genuflecting guitar players. Most are the products of financial hardship and often, racial or political persecution.

"I had something more substantial in mind."

"Schools should be places where one learns to work, respects work . . . where work becomes a pleasure"

If the substance of education or the pursuit of knowledge can be reduced to a single key word, that word is "why." It is truly surprising what a powerful lever in logic that simple word is. It nags me constantly but, like a traffic light, it controls my reasoning and keeps me aware of the mental route being followed.

In the typical Canadian classroom or home of today, how often do you hear the word "why" used in a sense of sincere request for information? From my observation, use of that question seems limited to those between the ages of three and six.

Now, however, we are being forced to realize that others, including a rival power for world domination, may be doing a better job of education.

A difference in the educational viewpoint between the Old World and this continent concerns the question of social adjustment. Some, such as the Russians, ignore it—and we overdo it.

What it costs to learn

The opinion appears to prevail among our educators and parents, and is readily accepted by the students, that primary and secondary schools are intended as much to adjust the student as to teach him. This would be fine if social adjustment meant being able to live in the world. But it does not. Social adjustment as we know it in our schools means a curious form of tender sheltering or protection from the world. This curious and inept form of "adjustment" creates maladjustment.

The primary and secondary schools should be places where one learns to work, where one learns to like and respect work—and where work consequently becomes a pleasure.

We are failing when we do not imbue our children with the fact that knowledge must be worked for intensively and that some sacrifices must be made in the realm of social pleasure to acquire it.

School work should mean the exercise of discipline both imposed and self-applied: reliability, co-operation, industry, initiative, energy and, for those gifted with it, imagination.

Better students should be accelerated and encouraged. Ranking of students in classes certainly should be followed. Even the capabilities of teachers should be rated on the marks secured by their students, as is done in some countries.

I would strongly recommend more of the old-fashioned failing of grade and high school students to improve quality even at the risk of reduced quantity.

And I would even suggest a six-day week, ten-month school year, with home work starting at one hour daily for first graders and gradually increasing to three hours daily for twelfth graders—except that I know it would provoke civil war and it is my feeling that the sixth day should really be spent in gainful employment.

Prince Charles, for example, at the age of eight is studying French, grammar, geography, arithmetic — including long division and multiplication — advanced reading, writing and spelling. Not many of his North American counterparts, with substantially less assured futures, can claim to be as ambitious or as energetic for the simple reason that few, if any, of them are being taught to be.

Our primary and secondary schools are doing a good volume job of assembly-line education but the graduates are relatively ill-equipped to face the world and, according to some authorities, even to enter university — soft option and "country clubbish" as they be.

The fault lies probably equally with parents, educators and students—the parents for their laxity and indifference, particularly in terms of discipline during pre-school days, the educators for their every-town approach to everything from curriculum to psychology, and the students who will not realize the value of knowledge and that the school is the most convenient place to find it.

Our first mistake is in the pre-school age. It would appear that we have completely lost sight of the most compulsions that motivate human beings. During the first three years of life our children learn the incredibly complex skill of eating with a fork. They learn a language. They learn to dress themselves, and a host of other important pieces of knowledge. Then from three to six they practically stagnate in the educational sense.

"They must have their fun," we say,

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so instead of inducing them to make learning their fun we relegate them to the street or the back yard to "play." Disciplinary training is reduced to the irreducible minimum "because they are too young to understand."

At six we expect them to pick up where they left off three years before. By that time, however, the discipline of learning has been diluted. They have been conditioned to a "play life" and the return to a "work life" is both unpleasant and incomplete.

The sociologists say young children need a mother influence. They need loving and laughing. I would be the last to dispute this. But they also need to perpetuate the regimen of learning they impose upon themselves at birth. And if home influence is not adequate to do this, the lesser evil is to provide institutions for it.

Again, at six, the child is taught that school is the place for work and, except for short recesses, home is the place for play. That also is a wrong we do our young. Life itself is a condition of work. Small wonder high-school students resent homework; they've been taught to resent it.

The answer is to condition the student on the very first day of school to expect homework in ever-increasing amounts. This also is a discipline problem. Homework during the public and high school periods seems to be something a student does while catching up on his or her television or record-player entertainment needs.

Play the game—don't watch it

If we haven't already ruined him for serious work, there's a good chance the next step will. The school spirit, the "get behind the team" philosophy, is as dangerous to healthy young minds as playing hookey. The school football team will create an active outlet for the recreational needs of, at most, thirty boys. When they play, however, hundreds of their fellow students will sit on the sidelines and watch. Our professional educators even urge this audience-participation support. It has been seriously suggested that this is, primarily, a [illegible] impulse used by educators to gain recognition for themselves because they are fearful of the recognition they will get from their academic records alone. I am not prepared to endorse this view completely but must go on record as a critic of audience participation in sports because it nurtures a lopsided nervous development.

Sports are constructive only if you participate personally. They develop both body and mind and they help co-ordinate both. I feel quite emphatically that there is no place for spectator sports in our schools. Naturally, not everyone can engage in participation sports but almost everyone can and should engage in plenty of physical exercise. Simple walking or cycling can provide that.

I feel we fail also to attach enough importance to our vocational and technical schools. It is in these schools that we train the doers as opposed to training the thinkers and planners.

Technical schools are particularly refreshing because there appears so much less social pretense in them than in the high schools and universities. There is an earthy honesty about them. There is visual evidence of practical accomplishment everywhere. Certainly this is not the setting for social climbs—as some universities have been described.

Canada can never have too many graduates from these schools, particularly as we have never enjoyed the remarkably efficient Old World training system of apprentice, journeyman and master.

Several of the most outstanding men in the Canadian mining and metallurgic industries, responsible for creating and directing multi-million-dollar enterprises, did so on a formal education foundation of high school and two or three years of technical institute training. I can think of three such men offhand who are truly great builders of Canada: W. H. Durrell, the first general manager of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada; Jack Cunningham Dunlop, of Ventures Ltd.; and W. A. Hutchison, the new Canadian manager for Phelps Dodge. They were undoubtedly "exceptional" youths when they started out twenty-five years ago. They would probably be regarded as supermen or queer ducks today.

It is at the university level, however, that we find some of the most anomalous educational facts of life.

Most parents feel that it is an inalienable right of democracy to provide their young with university educations should they want them. I couldn't disagree more. It is enough for the state to provide the opportunity to meritorious students only.

A present tragedy of our universities is that the existing facilities, particularly in the freshman year, are clogged up with students who have no business there, even if they do pay the token tuition fee portion toward a state-financed education. I subscribe wholeheartedly to the opinion of Dr. Hugh Keenleyside, director of UN Technical Assistance: "Perhaps the greatest need in Canada and the United States is to clear out those who go to university for social, athletic or business purposes . . . and make way for those who are prepared to work seriously in the arts, sciences and professions. Let's stop turning our colleges into country clubs."

I do not suggest that we turn to the other extreme and regard our universities as "brain factories," but probably our ideal should be closer to that end than to the social side of learning.

To a businessman the handling of university plant and facilities might be considered inefficient. Millions of dollars' worth of buildings and laboratories, libraries and residences, are relatively idle and useless for four months of every year. From a purely business point of view it could be suggested that we need two staffs of professors, each working six months in the school, six months in industry or seeking advanced learning.

Ten years ago many of our war veterans proved that accelerated university training could succeed.

A serious fault at the university level, particularly in the freshman year, is the overcrowded class. It cuts into personal teaching—and that can be a tragedy.

I can remember with sincere fondness certain of my professors who lectured me in chemistry, mathematics and geology. These particular teachers not only taught me, they inspired me throughout a period of desperate poverty.

A money-short student really needed inspiration during the mid-Thirty depression years, not only to scrape together the then-tremendous tuition fee of a hundred and fifty dollars but to scrape together enough food to keep us alive while one worked at part-time jobs and studied. Only inspiration coming from the professors kept us aware that the sacrifices were worthwhile.

Eventually I secured some valuable technical training to help my adopted country become a world trader in the Atomic Age. But make no doubt about it, it came the hard way. It's the only formula for success that I know. ★

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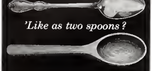

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For the sake of argument continued from page 23

DR. CLAUDE BISSELL

"We must resist attempts to use the school as a social convenience . . . a mental-health clinic"

that today it occupies almost a dominating position. In our Canadian graduate schools, which are the chief sources of intellectual power, over fifty percent of the students are working toward higher degrees in some branch of science. Certainly science should be given heavy emphasis but any systematic attempt to divert students into this field will simply undermine our educational structure and produce, I suspect, a great many bad scientists. The simplest and most effective way to help science in Canada is to put more money into pure research: in short, to support generously the able scientists we already have who are emerging each year from our graduate schools. Some time ago, it was pointed out with pride in the House of Commons that the National Research Council had provided $3.[illegible] million during the year 1956-57 to support pure research in the universities. That, I submit, is no source of pride, for the sum is hopelessly inadequate.

The concept of the university as a source of scientific power needs to be purified of its crude quantitative elements. Even more important, the range and meaning of "power" needs to be greatly expanded. Wise observers of the international scene have pointed out that the absolute destructive power of modern weapons makes military superiority illusory, and that we are, as a consequence, faced with a power vacuum, which is being filled up by the increasingly intense struggle for intellectual superiority.

This is a battle that ranges on all fronts: not only on the scientific and technological but on the economic, the political, and the cultural. Sputnik may be the prologue to new and ghastly weapons of destruction: it is certainly the beginning of a new age that will destroy old categories and send the mind and imagination voyaging on strange seas of thought. Power will belong to the nation that uses all of its intellectual resources to adjust man to this new world and to direct his course amid frightening hazards and dazzling opportunities. This is why it seems to me the intellectual is coming into his own, why the future belongs not to the common but to the uncommon man. And by intellectual I mean not only the scientist but the historian, the political scientist, the artist—the man of thought distinct from but not necessarily opposed to the man of action.

The challenge of Sputnik to the universities is not then how can we direct more human material to the production line of technologists, but how can we make sure that our highest intellectual resources in all areas of knowledge are developed and made available to the nation. Certainly we cannot forget about or play down quantity. Whether we like it or not our present universities are going to double in size. This in itself is no great cause for despair unless unpreparedness leads to panic and the demolition of standards. Certainly however we are going to grapple more fiercely than ever before with the great democratic dilemma: how do we combine general enlightenment with the development of an intellectual elite?

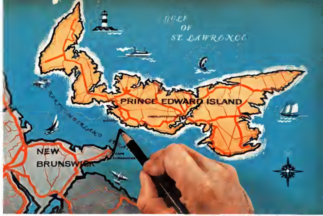
Unfortunately discussions of the dilemma invite confusion. It is easy to confuse equality of opportunity and equality of ability and to fail to see that the first is part of the democratic faith and the second simply sentimental self-deception. Democracy does not mean a gradual process of intellectual leveling-down; it is not the apotheosis of mediocrity, and the common man need not be the dull man of spineless conformity. We must remember the warning of such a distinguished scientist and intellectual as Robert Oppenheimer, who pointed out in a recent essay, "It is our very confidence in education, our determination that it should be available to all, our belief that through it man will find dignity and freedom, that have played so large a part in reducing our educational system to the half-empty mockery that it now is."

A generation of "wise guys"

Oppenheimer's words may reflect the mood of the disillusioned and embittered intellectual, but his indictment finds support among a growing band of critics of the American educational system. One by one, they say, the bastions of excellence have been given up. Some years ago the secondary school was handed over to guidance, uplift and drum majorettes. Undergraduate university education has become a socially respectable intellectual wasteland. Now there are signs that the graduate school, once the strongest fortress of the mind, has capitulated. Recently I heard the dean of one of the largest and, by general consent, one of the best graduate schools in the United States say that increasingly he and his colleagues found themselves dealing with students who were illiterate and who were incapable of originality. Presumably if this process continues there will be left only a few austere institutes of higher learning to which one can turn for some signs of the intellectual life.

Now I do not want to suggest that this is a fair picture of American education; it is certainly not of Canadian. But there are forces of erosion at work that must be quickly checked. The key to the problem lies, I think, in our secondary schools, where we must resist all attempts to water down curriculums and to lower standards. One obvious measure is to reintroduce the written examination at all levels. I would be quite willing to accept the aptitude test as a factor in determining ability, but it can never be a substitute for the written examination on prescribed subject matter, which, whatever its inadequacies, tests what a student knows. By abandoning examinations we may produce a generation of "wise guys" who can produce monosyllabic answers to any question, but no longer know how to communicate through the medium of the written word.

We must resist attempts to use the school as a social convenience, to turn it into a mental-health clinic, a folk mu



In Prince Edward Island

Dotted line shows approximate location of proposed Causeway

CAUSEWAY TO MAINLAND IS MAJOR ROAD GOAL

Prince Edward Island has a bold plan—a causeway linking it to the mainland. And that plan is gaining favor each day because of deficiencies in the present system of transport.

The annual deficit on the ferry service between Borden, P.E.I. and Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, is about $3 million—and climbing higher every year. Delays in getting passage are also increasing. During the summer tourist season, motorists often must wait up to two hours for transportation.

But a causeway would do more than end the ferry service deficit and delays in passage—it would mean a great saving in transporting marketable goods to and from the island province.

Preliminary estimates indicate that it will cost approximately $50 million to build the causeway—if 40 million tons of rock can be found near enough at hand. Once work starts it will take some three to five years to construct.

While working to make its bold plan a reality Prince Edward Island is pushing ahead on other important road projects. The province's 75 mile section of the Trans-Canada Highway is only seven miles short of completion. Last year with its highway budget at a record figure P.E.I. built 200 miles of roads, paved 35 miles of them.

The road progress that is being made in Prince Edward Island—and the progress that is dreamed of—carries a high price tag. But the initial cost is deceptive. For good roads save far more than they cost—in lives, time and money, here and throughout Canada.

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Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads you can be sure your province is getting its money's worth.

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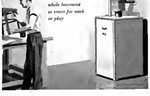

school, a driving academy or a citizenship bureau. We must strengthen the ties between secondary schools and universities so that scholarly traditions may be established at an early age. On the university level the democratic dilemma can be resolved only if the selection of students is extended in time certainly back beyond the final year in secondary school and is based firmly on intellectual accomplishment.

It will always be impossible, I suppose, to prevent a certain percentage of wastage at the university level; in human affairs it is always dangerous to try for perfection. Still, it is clear that the present percentage of wastage, which in some cases amounts to thirty or forty percent, is too great to be tolerated. We know the main reason for it. It is simply that too many incompetents are getting into university by fulfilling minimum requirements, and too many competent students are not going to university. That, to me, is the salient fact that emerges from the first of the Atkinson studies of utilization of student resources in Ontario secondary schools. In a study of about nine thousand Grade XIII students enrolled in Ontario secondary schools in 1955-56 it was found that of the 3,281 entering university, only a little more than half had had grades of seventy or better in their Grade XII exams; and that of those who had an average of seventy or better in Grade XII, almost half had failed to go on to university.

If we preserve our universities for the academically competent, what happens to the thousands of others not technologically trained, most of whom yearn for the prestige of a degree and some of whom are serious and conscientious students? The American solution has been to provide alternatives, in the form of junior colleges and community colleges. We have avoided this, partly because we have comparatively slim resources, partly because we fear that junior colleges will simply turn into inferior universities. Both reasons for our policy are sound but, committed as we are to the value of general education to the limit of the individual's ability, we cannot solve the problem by ignoring it. It may be that in the system of technological institutes that are already springing up in various parts of the country we have the answer, provided that in these institutes some expanded opportunity is given for the obtaining of a general liberal education.

If the universities are to develop as centres of intellectual power they must be able to do so independently and free of external pressures. It is the universities themselves that can see their problems whole and see them clear. They must have the freedom to choose who will teach, what will be taught, and to whom it will be taught. Those who teach must have the fundamental freedom to search for truth without inhibition or external restraint and to express their ideas outside the classroom. The professor does not ask for immunity from criticism; he does not speak from a position of infallibility; he is not the holy man of the intellectual world. But simply because he has the chance to study a problem deeply and objectively, he is under compulsion to speak out. Only if we have free men in free universities can we have a strong intellectual life.

Strength and freedom have their economic foundations and the universities in Canada have never managed to make their economic position clear. They have played the role of suppliant so long—to governments, to charitable foundations, to corporations and to individuals—that they have become constitutionally incapable of stating their needs in a clear and unapologetic fashion. They have not been innocent too of playing upon petty rivalries and of exploiting regional inequalities. What is needed is some clear, basic statement of the cost of higher education. I do not refer here to buildings, upon which in the search for the monumental the expenditure has often been too heavy. I refer to the cost of instruction and research. It is admittedly difficult to determine this, since the assumptions and techniques of the accountant or business manager are often not relevant. But I am confident that this can be done, and I know that it must be done if universities are to present a true bill of costs to society.

Having established the true cost of university education the universities are then in a position to present a reasonable financial statement to society. One cannot of course say precisely what proportion government, private corporations and individuals should contribute toward the total cost. The important point is that all should contribute and that the total should satisfy the needs. Divided financial responsibility for university education has several virtues. It spreads interest in the university; it enables special and unpopular projects to be launched and supported; and by providing a great many payers it makes it difficult for any one of them to call the tune.

No profit in panic

I do not think, then, that Canadian higher education needs a "crash" program, in the sense of a major shift in emphasis and a radical regrouping of staff to place special emphasis on science and engineering. Certainly universities should constantly examine teaching methods and take a fresh look at the whole concept of the academic "year" (although the cure here will not be found in any magic reshuffling of available resources, but in the provision of more resources—especially human resources). What the time calls for is a concerted effort to take our cultural tradition seriously, not a panicky flight to the methods and outlook of totalitarianism. I have tried to suggest four ways in which the universities with the support of government and business can meet the present crisis, and I now restate them.

1 The careful selection of those who will go on to university on the basis of academic performance and demonstrable ability.

2 The uniform and generous support of the three main areas of scholarly activity—the sciences, the humanities and the social sciences.

3 The maintenance of the university as an independent body in which academic decisions are made only by members of the staff who, at the same time, have both the freedom and the obligation to speak out on matters of public concern.

4 The clear statement of financial needs so as to recognize the value and complexity of the university undertaking, and the direct and unapologetic request by the universities for the resources to satisfy those needs.

If these principles are observed, if we recognize the supreme value of the trained mind, the interdependence of all knowledge and the autonomy of scholarship and act on our beliefs, then our universities will indeed become sources of intellectual power. If they become instead superior technical institutes or expensive finishing schools then they will break faith with the past and they will cast a long and sinister shadow on the future. ★

Why they won't publish your song

Continued from page 17

present convincing credentials explaining their presence are turned away or stalled by well-trained receptionists. This can keep an amateur songwriter hopping for months. There are roughly 3,000 music publishers.

Their harsh treatment of amateur songwriters might seem unreasonable except for the fact that a great deal of trouble can be traced to them. An avalanche of amateur-inspired lawsuits descends upon publishers year after year. Some few of these are instituted by sincere persons who rather mistakenly believe they have a grievance, or who have been convinced of it by less sincere but no less mistaken lawyers. Most of them, however, are trumped up by legal opportunists chasing fees.

Unfortunately, law enforcement officials are not always entirely clear in their understanding of musical copyright, and lawsuits which reach the courts depend for their disposition on the interpretation of the judges sitting on the cases. Thousands of dollars have gone, by court decree, into the pockets of people who did nothing to earn them except to plead their causes before tone-deaf judges.

Earnest would-be songwriters who complain bitterly that publishers brush them off without courtesy or consideration have these dishonest—or sometimes just badly advised—amateurs to thank for their difficulties. They do not, however, realize that their own members have erected the wall which bars them from Tin Pan Alley. Instead they blame the publishers.

But for corruption, the amateurs believe, they would be successful songwriters. They are unshakably convinced that the music business is a racket and all publishers are thieves. Some of them harbor the additional suspicion that the names appearing on title pages are not the names of real people at all but of dummies selected by the publishers (for tax purposes). The songs were really written by amateurs.

For at least two generations there was a fable, recited by some professionals as well as amateurs, that Irving Berlin never wrote more than a tenth of the songs for which he is credited. It was whispered that Berlin kept a talented slave hidden in a back room turning out songs. During Berlin's most prolific years the legend expanded: he kept three boys in the back room.

Incomprehensibly, even professionals in show business frequently act like amateurs when they add songwriting to their ambitions. Berlin learned this the hard way. If given the choice of looking at an amateur's manuscript or diving into ice water in February, he would unhesitatingly choose the ice water.

Then some years ago a song plugger who knew the famous composer-publisher well brought him a song written by a gainfully employed singer. He said: "Irving, I know you make it a rule not to look at outside manuscripts. But after all this fellow is no amateur in show

the beer with the
FRIENDLY FLAVOR

[illegible]

... and away from home, drink Dow at your favorite spot.

ONLY Dow IS "COOL CONTROL" BREWED

HAM BAKED WITH BEER

Whole or half ham
1 c. molasses or brown sugar
2 tsps. dry mustard
Whole cloves
1 tbsp. pepper (exactly)
1 large onion cut in four
1 carrot cut in pieces
1 stick celery, with leaves
1 cup Dow Beer

1 Remove skin from ham; score fat diagonally; place clove in each diamond. Set ham on sheet of heavy duty aluminum foil in shallow pan; garnish with vegetables.

2 Mix molasses (or sugar) with dry mustard, pepper and beer. Pour over ham. Fold foil lightly around ham, to retain juices. Bake in 400 F. oven 16 minutes per pound for whole ham; 18 minutes per pound for half ham. Delicious hot or cold.

*For FREE COPY of this unusual new cookbook compiled by Mme. Jehanne Benoit—"Cooking with Dow"—write: Dow Brewery Ltd., P.O. Box 8400 Montreal, Que.

Canada's finest seat, the popular Olsonite #20. Available in more than 35 plain or pearlescent colors.

Bathroom Glamour

is yours in every price range

Now, even with a modest budget, you can add glamour to your bathroom with a solid Olsonite seat. Olsonite seats are available in every price range.

Many Olsonite models are available in more than 35 plain or pearlescent colors—colors that go all the way through. There is no applied finish to crack or peel.

CONSULT YOUR MASTER PLUMBER for the Olsonite model and color best suited to your bathroom. His knowledge of fine plumbing products and his reputation in his community assure you of quality and value for every plumbing need.

More Canadians buy Olsonite seats than all other makes combined!* See why . . . visit your nearest master plumber today.

Olsonite seats are made in Canada.

*Source: Dominion Bureau of Statistics

SOLID Olsonite SEATS

CANADIAN BATTERY & BONALITE CO., LTD.
Windsor, Ontario

Jim Thornton sold When You Were Sweet Sixteen. Then he sold it again. Then the fight started

business. He's a pro. Besides, he sings your songs all the time — a good plug. He also plays ball with me and I need him. Now he's really written a song here that's got a good chance. We'll probably publish it ourselves, but he made me promise I'd show it to you. Please look at it. Or if you won't, at least write him a letter and he'll know I kept my promise."

Out of friendship for the song-plugger Berlin dictated a polite note to the singer in which he expressed his hope that the song would be well received.

Five years later, Berlin wrote the score for a musical film. An infringement suit was promptly filed against him by the singer whose song had not been published after all. The singer claimed that Berlin "stole" several bars of his song. As proof that the composer had access to his work he submitted the friendly note.

Berlin had to defend the suit. The judge ruled in his favor, declaring that no composer of Irving Berlin's stature need stoop to stealing a few bars of music from anyone.

Nevertheless, such lawsuits compound the generally held public superstition that larceny is rife in the music business. In ninety-nine percent of cases brought to trial decisions go to the established copyright owners, but the cost of defending unwarranted lawsuits is high.

Music publishers don't have to steal songs. There are too many available, produced in prodigious numbers by seasoned professionals who themselves may write a hundred for every one that is published.

But ironically the reputation that music publishers are larcenous has been fostered not only by the legions of frustrated amateurs and their stories or by litigations brought by injured songwriters and their heirs, but also by the publishers themselves. A publisher who will express sorrow, anger or indignation when an outsider accuses him of stealing a tune is the first one to jump into court when one of his properties makes its appearance under another firm's imprint.

One of the most famous cases of two publishers fighting over the same tune is the story of a fracas involving the lively 1950 melody, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena.

The Weavers, a favored folk-singing group, used the song as part of their repertoire when they performed at a bistro in New York's Greenwich Village, where it attracted the attention of Howard Richmond, head of several publishing firms.

Richmond instituted a search for the title, which he found in a book of collected Israeli folk songs. While the book bore the usual copyright, no notice could be found regarding the song itself. Mention was made that it had been arranged by Julius Grossman, an American school teacher.

On the assumption that an old folk song would be in the public domain Richmond turned the melody over to composer Spencer Ross for doctoring and to Gordon Jenkins (who wrote Manhattan Tower) for lyrics.

Still jittery about the possibility of previous copyright, Richmond sent a copy of the revision to Israel for further clearance, meanwhile applying to Washington for an American copyright.

The Weavers under contract to Decca recorded the modernized version and backed it up with another adapted folk song, Goodnight Irene, a property of another of Richmond's publishing firms. The record was an instantaneous hit and sheet music of the song sold briskly.

Pending clarity on the copyright situation, Richmond's firm (Cromwell Music Inc.) put aside composer royalties as they accrued, earmarking them for payment of possible future claims.

Suddenly Tzena, Tzena, Tzena appeared on retail sheet music racks with a different title page and bearing the imprint of a different publisher, Mills Music Inc. In this version the words were by the celebrated lyricist Mitchell Parish, while the music was attributed to Julius Grossman and Issacher Miron, a pseudonym for Michrovsky.

Hard on the heels of this appearance came notice to Richmond that Mills was bringing suit in behalf of the composer Michrovsky. Basis for the suit was a contract between Mills and a representative who claimed to be Michrovsky's agent.

Michrovsky, a living Israeli, could establish that he was a composer of the song. Two sets of lyrics existed. Two publishers claimed title.

In his defense Richmond pointed out that composer royalties were ready and waiting for Michrovsky. His firm had spent thousands of dollars to promote its version in good faith that the tune was either in the public domain or penned by a composer who did not come under the jurisdiction of the international copyright law.

Goodbye, Irene

When the case came to trial the ruling favored Mills. According to the decision Mills owned the publisher's copyright to the melody. It did not own the Gordon Jenkins words, but the firm had its own set of Parish lyrics. Jenkins tore up his lyrics and tried to forget the whole thing. The money Cromwell had expended in exploiting and popularizing the song was not recoverable. Now in addition the hit Decca record with the Jenkins lyrics constituted a copyright infringement and could not be sold or played on radio programs. All unsold copies of the recording as sung by The Weavers with the Jenkins lyrics and backed up by "Goodnight Irene" were hastily recalled by Decca and destroyed. Cromwell's sheet music was similarly disposed of. If you should happen to have a copy of the Decca record, cherish it. It is a collector's item.

As if music publishers didn't get into enough legal entanglements with amateurs and with other publishers, they also have an occasional rough time of it with professional songwriters.

Sometimes out of mischievousness and sometimes out of bottled amnesia, songwriters of the colorful Tin Pan Alley days had a habit of selling the same song to more than one firm, then sitting back to enjoy the fireworks.

The irrepressible Jim Thornton (1861-1938) sold When You Were Sweet Sixteen outright to the publishing firm partnered by Edward B. Marks and Joseph W. Stern, which filed it away. Some time later Thornton sold the same song to the Witmarks, who published it. They were promptly sued by Marks and Stern who claimed prior ownership. This case

Police cars have to start in a flash—and go like the wind. Over *twice* as many use Champions as any other plug!

Q. Why are over twice as many police cars in Canada powered by Champion spark plugs?

A. Champions give full-firing power. Put new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an *immediate* boost in horsepower . . . and save gasoline, too!

World's favorite spark plug on land, on sea, and in the air

CHAMPION

never came to court, all parties knowing Thornton well. Witmark, with a bona fide bill of sale on file signed by Thornton, forfeited $5,000 to Marks and Stern who possessed a similar—but earlier—document. Witmark had paid Thornton a total of fifteen dollars for the song and Marks and Stern not much more. When the original copyright lapsed its renewal was assigned by Thornton's widow to Shapiro-Bernstein Inc. A hit when it was first published in 1898, it remained a barroom and barbershop favorite until it was revived in the 1944 film The Great John L., and became a hit for the third time when Perry Como recorded it for Victor.

Not all publishers' litigations are intramural or contra unscrupulous songwriters. Hard-won copyright protections are so jealously and zealously cherished by the publishing fraternity that its legal departments are staffed by busy sleuths constantly on the lookout for infringements, intentional or otherwise. Publishers feel that they have spent a lot of money popularizing a song's lyrics. They see no reason why they should give away a precious part of their property for someone else's profit.

When you hear a singing commercial on radio or television that uses a familiar tune with new lyrics extolling the virtues of toothpaste, automobiles, soda pop or soap flakes, you may be sure that money has been paid to the publisher, composer and author for a license to parody.

In recent years, with many of the country's long-time ballad-writing composers unable or unwilling to compete on equal terms with the newer writers of the "crazy sounds" permeating the air waves, more and more of these licenses are being issued. In earlier days songwriters declined to lend their works to anything that might tend to cheapen them, but the fees forthcoming from well-heeled advertisers have proved too attractive to spurn.

Irving Caesar, the celebrated lyricist (Swanee, Tea for Two, Crazy Rhythm, Imagination) chuckles wryly over the music business situation which made the licensing of lyrics for commercials a welcome auxiliary income. In 1956, he sold the commercial rights to Is It True What They Say About Dixie, which contains an appropriate line of lyric, to the manufacturers of Swanee Toilet Tissue.

Today's copy

Date: April. Subject: north-turning sun.
Against new green tulips announce the
news
With red and yellow headlines. Jonquils
run
A starred edition featuring interviews
With men that unexpectedly came down
To spend an early week end and rehearse
New overtures. A sparrow about town
Fills out the column with a bit of verse.

BURNHAM EATON

The shadow of the copyright law falls on a number of assorted violators. Importers of music boxes, chiming watches and children's music-playing toys are under surveillance. When the tinkling mechanisms play copyrighted tunes which have not been licensed for cigarette boxes, timepieces or teddy bears, their purveyors are subject to fines.

Sunday school teachers are unknowing law breakers when lovingly but illegally they reproduce on bits of tinted paper the lyrics of copyrighted spiritual songs for their pupils to sing.

Most illicit users of music are guileless, but the industry feels it must clamp down on all violations in order to protect itself from the deliberate depredations perpetrated by "lyric bootleggers" who peddle the words to popular songs in sheet or pamphlet form on city street corners without paying royalties. This vice is a constant irritation to publishers, who are upset when the bootleggers—usually small printers—rake in profits on material in which they have no investment.

What with one thing and another, music publishers spend a great deal of time bringing or defending lawsuits. And all this fuss and frolicking in the courts, reported solemnly in the trade journals and sometimes hilariously in the popular press, has done little to rid the general public's mind of a suspicion that publishers must be an untrustworthy, slippery lot.

But not all people who say they are publishers are. The warning is issued repetitively to milling throngs of would-be songwriters who get swindled annually by illegitimate "publishers" who belong to a group known as "song sharks."

Amateur songwriters are a gold mine for song sharks, many of whom manage to operate trickily within the letter of the law and are therefore hard to catch. They know that amateur songwriters, bruised by the repeated rebuffs they get on Tin Pan Alley, are sucker bait for a promise that their songs will be looked at, read, evaluated and published.

The sharks run small ads with big headlines in some of the music industry's trade papers and in the back pages of sensational or "confession" magazines. SONGWRITERS WANTED the ads proclaim or CAN YOU WRITE A SONG? or *YOU* CAN MAKE MONEY IN MUSIC! or SEND YOUR POEMS — WE'LL PUT THEM TO MUSIC.

In smaller type, the ads promise free examination and criticism of lyrics or melodies or both, adding that there are millions of dollars to be made in songwriting (as if the amateurs didn't know). Some go so far as to identify themselves as publishers and recording companies in search of new material, hinting that if a songwriter has not yet succeeded in his ambition it is probably because he has not had the proper promotion.

When an amateur lyricist rises to the bait and sends his creations to such an advertiser, he receives — with dizzying promptness — a reply that sends his hopes soaring. "Your song poem is wonderful," the letter encourages. "You are fortunate — our staff comprises a professional composer who is willing to set your words to music! Please send fifty dollars to cover expenses. We will copyright your song, send you printed copies and PROMOTE IT. Good luck. You are on your way to success!"

Not knowing that it costs several thousand dollars to promote a popular song properly, the amateur invests his fifty dollars. For his money he receives, as promised, a "musical setting," printed copies duly copyrighted and formal notice that the song has been sent to a "select list" of music publishers, disk jockeys, recording companies and performers.

In this way the song shark has kept to the letter of his advertised word and is not subject to legal action. His "promotion" stops here after an expenditure of from ten to fifteen dollars, which pays for an employee's time in copying some music, a few dozen photo-offset or photostatic copies, a United States unpublished copyright (which anyone can get for four dollars) and however many postage stamps it takes to get the amateur's song to the select list made up of names easily acquired from any trade paper or music directory.

The "contest" idea has been twisted into a racket of heroic proportions. This one works in several ways, a favorite being to advertise for song-poem entries in a national lyric writing contest — "no obligation." This is a contest in which everyone wins. Each contestant is notified that his poem has been selected by the judges as the best example of fresh new talent. The prize is the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for the amateur to collaborate with a "top-notch professional composer"—absolutely free of charge. There is, to be sure, the matter of publicity and exploitation so necessary to promote a song. If the contest winner will send $58 to help defray expenses.

A slightly more elaborate and less individually expensive deception is perpetrated in another sort of "contest." This time advertisements proclaim that lyrics are being sought for existing melodies which have been recorded in an album. All the contestant has to do is buy the album (a bargain at $2.98), write lyrics for one or more of the tunes thereon and submit them for judging. Those who follow these rules are deceived into believing that any such contest exists. None does. The "sponsors" are satisfied with $2.98 each from thousands of aspiring amateur lyric writers.

The song-shark business, incredibly, mulcts millions of dollars a year from songwriting housewives, sales clerks, white-collar workers and students who, when they realize they have been misled, have no legal recourse. They get what they pay for — "musical settings" (for if they are composers rather than authors of "lyrics"), copyright, sheet music (in some cases even demonstration records, these come higher) and certain vague "professional services." The song sharks call themselves "publishers" and they call their victimized clients the "ego trade." They have deceived so many hundreds of thousands of people over the years that to a sizeable segment of the general public an impression remains that all publishers operate on a pay-as-you-go basis. This, added to everything else, does nothing to remove the smudges from the legitimate publishers' reputations.

No active bona fide publisher asks—or accepts—payment for publishing a song, or advertises for music or lyrics. But how can the aspiring songwriter know or believe this when he can't get close enough to an active bona fide publisher to find out?

He can. Despite all the barriers that confront newcomers, some hope exists—for beginners, however, as opposed to "amateurs." There is a world of difference between the two; the difference is largely one of realistic self-evaluation and a willingness to work hard and stubbornly in the face of constantly hard and stubborn opposition. There is little room in the music business for the out-and-out amateur who dabbles in music as a hobby from which he would like to strike it rich, like a lucky quiz-show winner on television or the holder of the winning ticket in a raffle. New songwriters join the profession's ranks regularly, adding their fresh talents to the continuing parade of popular music. Nobody can stop them. ★

The material for this article will be included in a forthcoming book, The Gold In Tin Pan Alley, to be published by Longmans Green Lippincott.

NOW... from Hoover
... a new kind of cleaner...
PERFECT for every cleaning job
Perfect for rug cleaning
SHIFT!
Perfect for suction cleaning
HOOVER CONVERTIBLE
IT'S ACTUALLY TWO CLEANERS IN ONE! The fabulous Hoover Convertible brings you world-famous Hoover rug cleaning action. [illegible] *Perfect cleaning* [illegible]

Try the new Hoover [illegible] at Hoover Dealers everywhere.

- *New modern styling in kitchen and pearl white*
- *Large throw-away dirt bag*
- *New nylon agitator*
- *Automatic rug adjustment*
- *New, instant conversion*
- *Double-Stretch Hose*
- *New power and accessories for all suction cleaning*

"Hey Jean! Are you out of your mind?"
But my new room-mate taught me a skin care trick that's not only practical . . . it's fabulous!

1 Me: Hey, whatever are you doing?
Jean: Washing my face. What did you think?
Me: With cream? Impossible!
Jean: Impossible? I should say not. It's wonderful!
Me: But you can't wash with cream . . . it's greasy!

2 Jean: Not this cream . . . it's Noxzema.
Me: Did you say Noxzema?
Jean: Here . . . I'll show you how you do it. Just splash on warm water . . . then apply Noxzema real generously.

3 . . . like this. And gently scrub with your wet face cloth just as if you were using soap.
Me: Doesn't it make your skin greasy?
Jean: Oh no! Noxzema dissolves in water. When I rinse with water, it washes clean away.

4 Now, feel my skin. Is it greasy?
Me: Why no! It feels soft and nice—really looks clean too.
Jean: Sure. As the ads say, Noxzema teams up with water to float out dirt. It never clogs pores or leaves a film like greasy creams do.

5 Me: Well . . . it's not greasy . . . is it drying?
Jean: No, Ma'am! I can use Noxzema but I can't use soap. You see Noxzema doesn't contain any skin drying ingredients like you get in soaps. In fact, it puts moisture into your skin. Anyway, my face never feels tight or dry anymore.

6 Me: Gosh! I'd like to give it a try. Might help these enlarged pores!
Jean: Probably would. I use it as a night cream . . . it sure did wonders for me in getting rid of blemishes.
Me: Mmmmmm . . . man . . . you know it does feel all tingly and glowy. You've got a new convert, honey.

To be beautiful—skin *must* be healthy
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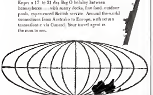

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The Eisenhower tragedy

continued from page 15

"He has become a part-time president. His aides, fearing to strain him, work on outdated orders"

White House and no doctor can foresee the chance of another illness the state of the presidency must be judged by visible results. They are obvious and appalling.

Instead of government by a presidency the nation now has government by committee—a shifting congeries of committees set up to thrash out problems as they arise and always with the overriding instruction that they must avoid worrying the president.

Even in his younger days Eisenhower refused to work long hours depending mainly on an elaborate administrative machine like a military general staff. Now that he is unwell and a scant year away from being the oldest president in history he has become a part-time president. He drops in briefly on top committees now and then and settles only the issues that cannot be further postponed or settled otherwise.

The result is that many urgent issues drag on while committees seek some compromise likely to suit the president. Worse than that the sub-presidential functionaries fearing to strain the president tend to operate on directives given in his earlier years and now outdated by events.

The British system might manage to function by committee methods, given a strong prime minister. The American system cannot. This system (which a healthy ex-president, Harry Truman, calls the best invented by man) works well under a strong president but it assumes a world no longer in existence.

It was built in a simple time for a society almost entirely rural and on a set of theories almost unalterable. It assumed that a large group of men would make the laws and that one man would administer them. In this man every atom of executive power was vested. Within the law his power was unlimited and if he were strong he could stretch the law pretty far.

Thus the slightest failure in one man is like the failure of one small gear crippling a great machine.

Weakness in the presidency cannot be overcome by strength in the cabinet in the legislature or in any alternative agency. The power of the presidency cannot be delegated to any colleague however able since any controversial decision will be appealed to the president.

The resulting burden was realized in the first years of the Republic when Washington uttered his famous cry of anguish. He would rather be in his grave than in the presidency.

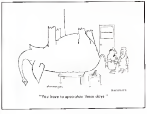
As the world of Washington was replaced gradually by a world of two giant power blocs balanced on either side of a common abyss every decision by the presidency moved like an electric current to the ends of the earth.

Today those currents are being short-circuited.

That the Eisenhower of 1958 is not the Eisenhower of 1953 need cause no surprise. The presidency always does strange things to its occupants. They ruin one man and enlarge another. It turned a small-town lawyer into the giant named Abraham Lincoln. It turned Franklin Roosevelt a dilettante aristocrat into a social revolutionary and a masterly maker of war. It turned Truman a haberdasher from Missouri into perhaps the boldest maker of foreign policy in American history. But the presidency turned Eisenhower, a soldier of ruddy health, into a frail man three times close to death and haunted always by the risk of a fourth illness.

This is not to say that a Democratic president would have done any better. That we can never know. Certainly it is not to say that the politics of the United States are any more confused than those of Canada. They are at this writing, less confused.

I merely record that as a visitor to Washington in the great depression, at the time of Pearl Harbor and again during the Korean war I never saw the



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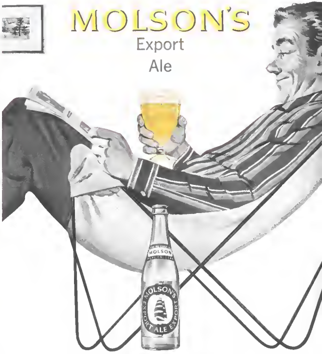

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Whispers up the speaking tube

Most of the people I know in W[illegible] Nixon will [illegible]

A [illegible] ship [illegible] committee on the bridge and a pilot, a plain sending occasional whispers up the speaking tube from the sick bay, might stay afloat. But its chances would be a lot better if the first mate—any first mate—took the wheel.

Nixon's chances of taking the wheel not long hence appear excellent. This will not turn him into the [illegible] navigators like John Foster Dulles and Sherman Adams. It is agreed that Nixon will settle government by committee.

All these possibilities are solely in the president's hands. Despite Eisenhower's advice, Congress has not attempted to amend the Constitution and provide some impartial method of deciding when a president is incapacitated (although Eisenhower recently made public a clear "understanding" allowing Nixon to take over all the presidential powers in future should Eisenhower be disabled so badly he cannot judge his own fitness).

We have to recognize here something much larger than the crisis of the American government.

"The largest fact of all," says one of America's most eminent historical writers, "is [illegible] that the free world facing the new era of Russia is without a single leader who can command its full confidence. Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman, all the giants are gone. We have a vacuum everywhere outside the communist world. After a high tide of leadership during the war and in the postwar years we are beached by a low tide."

Eisenhower's personal tragedy, though only one incident in the general dilemma of the West, greatly aggravates it. This is demonstrated most visibly in the phenomenon of Dulles.

Dulles is a curious and much misunderstood personage. As one of his intimates and former colleagues explained him to me:

"Foster is an able man and a sincere man, in some ways a great man. But he suffers from an overpowering sense of divine mission. It compels him to save the world single handed. The more difficult that job becomes the more he enjoys it. His increasing burdens are a sure proof of God's confidence in him. No one else can do His work.

"That's one half of Foster's mind. The other half is an appetite for personal power utterly insatiable, almost psychotic."

Whether this is a sound psychoanalysis of Dulles I cannot say, though most of Washington seems to agree with it. Yet, sound or not, the power of this man is undeniable. He does not merely administer the foreign policy of the United States. He makes and re-makes it as he chooses. He is himself that policy.

One of the oldest and most experienced observers in Washington, whose name is a household word throughout America, outlined the Dulles phenomenon thus:

"From the start Eisenhower trusted Dulles absolutely. Knowing little about foreign policy himself, Eisenhower naturally depended on an expert. As supreme commander in war he let his generals fight their own battles. As president he left the battle of foreign policy to his secretary of state. Until recently, though, the president still possessed the energy, now and then, to say No, as he said it in Indo-China. The great change came when the president no longer felt able to say No to Dulles."

Eisenhower has publicly announced that his trusted partner will remain with him to the end of the road even though the personality of Dulles has sowed distrust throughout the Western alliance.

Unlike Dulles, one man shows domestic affairs are not concentrated in any individual. Instead there is a wide and growing diffusion which no one can follow from day to day. A few extra-normal power centres can be discerned, however.

In the Senate Lyndon Johnson gathers power into his skilled hands willy-nilly, like no legislator within living memory. It is power but not vital leadership. The Constitution, with its checks and balances, makes it impossible for any legislator, however competent and dedicated, to wield executive power.

Torn between the temptations of Democratic politics and his sense of duty to president and nation, Johnson can and usually does support the government's foreign policy. He cannot make it, cannot execute it, and if it goes wrong cannot remake it. He can make domestic policy by way of legislation but cannot enforce it.

Another locus of power has grown up in the White House staff or "the team," as the president used to call it. At its head is the extraordinary and enigmatic figure of Adams, who tries to substitute for the president as a party manager and umpire of administrative squabbles.

Even in a partnership as close as that of Eisenhower and Adams the lack of cohesion cannot always be disguised. When the president appeals in Chicago for a non-partisan defense policy Adams flies to Minneapolis and bitterly blames the Democrats for the nation's weak defenses.

The teamwork often breaks down. The vacuum widens. And into the vacuum rush senators demanding concessions for their states, service chiefs demanding more money for their departments, bureaucrats whose feuds cannot be settled

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by Adams, pressure groups of business, labor, agriculture and all those conflicting minorities that can be reconciled only by an almost superhuman president.

Eisenhower was never such a man though he certainly seemed to be the best man available in 1952. If he *had* been such a man the cards of destiny were all stacked against him.

He was persuaded to accept nomination by a combination of sincere Republicans who could not tolerate the leadership of the Old Guard and self-seekers who saw in him the only chance of destroying the Democratic regime of twenty years.

Undoubtedly Eisenhower sought office from the best motives. As an ardent internationalist fresh from the Allies' wars, he felt obligated to prevent the election of Senator Robert Taft, an isolationist only half re-converted to internationalism. (I talked to that great man only once, but he disclosed an abiding suspicion of foreign nations and an amazing ignorance of Canada next door.)

If Eisenhower had read the record of the Republican Party he must have noted two daunting facts in direct conflict with all his instincts.

First, the Republican Party was historically the party of business, of property, of conservatism—a perfectly sound party position but not for the party he intended to lead.

Second, the record of the Republican Party must have looked rather terrifying. It tried to impeach President Johnson for carrying through Lincoln's generous policy toward the South and failed by a single vote. In this century it repudiated the work of its only great president, Theodore Roosevelt. It nominated the pitiable Harding, was satisfied with the do-nothing Coolidge and blamed Hoover for the debacle of 1932.

Moreover, for Eisenhower's purpose the Republican Party, or at least half of it, was fundamentally hostile to him both in constitutional theory and in practice.

In theory the party has generally stood, with the sole exception of Theodore Roosevelt's regime, for the strength of the legislature rather than the executive. A legislature of great power and less responsibilities could claim all the credit for successes and blame failures on a president with less power and more responsibility.

In practice, half the party and most of its professional politicians stood in 1952 against those very reforms that Eisenhower regarded as his mission.

Nevertheless a man ignorant of politics but burning with his mission resolved to remake the Republican Party in his own fine image. That task might have been barely possible for a master of politics like Franklin Roosevelt. It was impossible for Eisenhower, an executive and a soldier.

He foresaw his difficulties quite plainly when at first he refused to run. At that time, as Truman recently revealed, Eisenhower wrote a letter arguing that no soldier would be likely to make a good president. He perceived but then decided to ignore the warnings of his own good sense, and of history as attested by Ulysses S. Grant and others.

At all events the re-making of the Republican Party required a party manager, the third aspect of the presidential trinity, the others being the executive and the commander in chief.

It's not like war

Eisenhower could never make a successful party manager. He disliked politics. The whole business of management by threat, persuasion, punishment and reward was repellent to a nature essentially simple in the best meaning of the word.

Besides, he did not understand party management. How could he? Eisenhower was hurled into the vortex of politics without a day's training, his mind already shaped by another art.

Still, he made a good start by capturing the loyalty and affection of his great conservative opponent, Taft. Their alliance, though it covered a deep gulf of principle, rather thinly promised large achievements. Yet something vital had already gone wrong. Unwilling to be a party manager, the president attempted to be a kind of constitutional monarch above the dust of the arena. This could never work.

The first intimations of the coming tragedy appeared with Taft's death. That left no Republican leader strong enough or sympathetic enough to Eisenhower to tame and gradually inform the Republican right wing.

It was bad enough for Eisenhower to find himself in a split party with no adequate lieutenant in the legislature; much worse was his own misreading of the times. The soldier looked at the power map of the world and quite misconstrued it, as the great majority of his people misconstrued it, as we certainly misconstrued it in Canada.

We can now see that Eisenhower, who might have been a magnificent success in other times, was elected for the wrong purpose, at the wrong moment, with the wrong policy. By 1952 the natural ebb and flow of presidential power had already been broken. Throughout American history a strong president and a weak legislature have been replaced at roughly eight-year intervals by the opposite. But the regimes of Roosevelt and Truman had stretched the dominance of the presidency to twenty years. Legislature and people were naturally hostile to it.

Then, too, the depression, World War II, the Marshall Plan, the Korean War, the MacArthur episode, the inflation and the mink coat scandals had sickened the people of adventure. They enthusiastically elected Eisenhower to get the country back on a straight, smooth road. His friendly, boyish face looked like the contemporary image of the old American Dream.

All this seemed reasonable at the time. As the power of the United States remained unchallengeable, its allies recovering miraculously with American aid and the Russians occupied with their own affairs, the era of alarms was past.

Therein lay one of history's major miscalculations. It meant that Eisenhower and his people, seemingly so sure of their path, had marched down a blind alley from which they have been struggling to extricate themselves ever since.

The personal, national and worldwide tragedy was now well under way. While the American nation began to build a higher standard of living, the Russians were quietly building rockets. At the precise moment of American relaxation the supreme menace was at hand. (In fairness any Canadian reporter must add that his own country was more complacent than its neighbor, softer in policy, greedier for an easy life and proportionately less generous to its foreign friends.)

Thus led by an amateur and managed by the professionals, the Republican campaign of 1952 was launched with lofty hopes and it succeeded beyond expectation.

Nevertheless a dispassionate observer must have noted even in this first phase a meaningful portent. Ignorant of politics, depending too much for advice on the professionals and too little on his own sound intuitions, Eisenhower held his nose and appeased Senator Joseph McCarthy.

In office he continued to appease McCarthyism, restraining with difficulty an explosive temper and a delicate sense of decency. It was not the president but the nation, through a band of courageous senators, that destroyed McCarthyism—not before it had done great damage to American society and American prestige abroad.

No one can say, of course, that a different presidential method in this ugly episode would have succeeded better. It might have wrecked the party, as the bolder Theodore Roosevelt wrecked it in 1912. It was clear anyway that the Republican gulf had not been effectively bridged by Eisenhower's methods, nor the party as a whole recreated in his progressive image.

All these organic Republican schisms (schisms existing in the Democratic Party as well but usually better hidden) were forgotten in the first triumphant advance of Eisenhower's "crusade" toward a better life for all. Forgotten, too, or little noted as the nation embarked on a euphoric boom, was the Messianic personage now installed in the State Department.

Dulles proceeded to plant a series of time bombs in American society and in the Western alliance and was himself the largest time bomb inside the Eisenhower administration. First he divided American society by indicting the former Democratic government for bungling foreign affairs. The lunatic fringe of the Republican Party, thus encouraged, went on to indict the Democrats for "twenty

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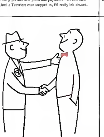
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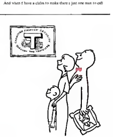
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"years of treason." Then the assault on the opposition became, in McCarthy's heyday, and in the Bricker constitutional amendment an assault on the presidency itself.

Next Dulles terrified and divided the alliance with such inspired phrases as "massive retaliation" and "brink of war." Finally it was Lester Pearson who rescued American diplomacy from the Suez debacle, it was a Democratic opponent Acheson who rushed to the defense of Dulles a few months ago when he was challenged by George Kennan on the proposition of withdrawal from Europe.

Three years after his election Eisenhower appeared to be in perfect health and was enjoying a popularity accorded no predecessor. But as a statesman he began to wear, under the boyish grin, the first faint tinge of tragedy.

On the night of Sept. 24, 1955 came the heart attack at Denver. Tragedy was no longer theoretical or political. It was physical. Its immediate effect was to fracture not only the president's bodily strength but his executive power.

While Dulles now grasped complete control of foreign policy, domestic policy in its financial and economic aspects had fallen into the hands of a much abler man.

George Humphrey, secretary of the treasury, sincerely held an orthodox business philosophy, distrusted the Keynesian theories planted in the New Deal of 1933 and believed, above all, that the budget must be balanced lest its continued deficits produce an inflation and then a depression which "will curl your hair."

No more an economist than Franklin Roosevelt, Eisenhower went along with Humphrey, allowing him to hold down military spending as late as 1957 while the Russians were preparing to launch their first Sputnik.

Though Dulles and Humphrey were dividing policy between them—the former's policy abroad often undercut by the latter's economy at home—the president recovered satisfactorily from his first illness, seemed to be grasping again the tangled reins of power and was in his best form by the early summer of 1956. On June 9 he suffered his second illness. But he recovered from a serious operation so rapidly that he decided to seek a second term.

That was his greatest mistake and assured his ultimate tragedy. It should be remembered, however, that he did not foresee the third illness. In addition he was persuaded to run both by Republicans who considered him essential to the nation and those who only wished to ride on his coat tails while privately abhorring his philosophy.

Eisenhower was easily re-elected but lost control of the legislature. Still, the president appeared to be a well man and a regnant leader until the summer of 1957. Then four events engulfed him.

The first of itself was sufficient to wreck his leadership. A paralytic stroke on June 9, though slight, made certain that he could never lead the nation actively again.

The second was recession. Under the influence of his economic advisers, Eisenhower boldly resolved to tough the recession out. He signed another balanced budget. But early in the new year he began to have doubts and intimated that, if necessary, he would agree to a tax cut and a deliberate deficit to stimulate business. The heavy Keynesian artillery, long in moth balls, was wheeled up.

The decision to follow Keynes, if necessary, was a social decision of highest importance and it represented a queer mixture of presidential success and failure.

The president — or events — had succeeded at last in converting all but the stubborn right wing of the Republican Party to the central mechanism of the New Deal. After a long detour and many aberrations, Eisenhower had returned essentially to the position of Franklin Roosevelt. The revolution of the Thirties (it was nothing less) had long been denied and ineffectually obstructed by the orthodox Republicans but it was now legitimized. Legitimized but not yet tested. The great test may occur this year.

At the same time it became evident that in another department of economic policy the president was failing and lacked the energy to recoup.

He had begun by boldly sponsoring Roosevelt's campaign for tariff reduction and seemed to be making progress against the Republican protectionists. On this score his motives were sound, his courage admirable. If he knew few of the details of trade, he did not need to know them. (In a famous golf game with Louis St. Laurent he was amazed to hear that Canada carried a huge deficit in the American market.)

THE PROFESSIONS, 8

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Mavor Moore

The business slump released all the latent forces of protectionism in both political parties and soon produced the first significant backward step in Eisenhower's policy of expanding trade. Oil imports were restricted. Restrictions on metals, especially those from Canada, are likely to follow.

A strong president might appeal to the nation over the head of Congress and fight off these assaults on his policy. Eisenhower is in no condition to fight on this or any other sector. His tragedy is exportable and will be exported.

After the president's paralytic seizure and the business recession came the third event, one of the most important in human history.

Sputnik's glare exposed the unthinkable truth that under the master soldier the United States had lost its vital margin of power in a naked power struggle. No doubt the American people will retrieve the margin but meanwhile the shock to their confidence in the president, whether he was to blame or not, has been profound and probably irrevocable.

Then came the fourth event in the endless parade of the president's misfortunes.

At the opening of the Congressional election campaign this year the intransigent elements of the Republican Party began to turn on him like a wolf pack on a wounded leader. Privately some Republican candidates are saying that the president is no longer a political asset. This is a heresy unimaginable a year ago but it may be true, at least in some respects, today.

Eisenhower's power in politics was bound to decline as his second and last term dwindled and he could no longer punish his enemies or reward his friends beyond 1960. Now that power must decline with dizzy momentum as Washington and the nation realize what has happened to him physically. He cannot risk an active campaign himself.

In the best of circumstances the Republican Party remains a national minority which neither Eisenhower nor any other leader could soon convert into a majority. In the worst of circumstances the Republican Party knows that it must lose the Congressional election as a ghastly prelude to the 1960 presidential election. And the Congressional Democrats, daring at last to oppose the myth of Ike openly, are whooping for the kill next autumn.

When the scholarly Senator James Fulbright calls the president "a tired and amiable man with tired policies" (spreading the contagion of his own confession) in a nation "tired and immobile," the anatomy of current American politics is dissected with surgical precision.

How can that anatomy be repaired? It can be completely altered, if not repaired, by Eisenhower's resignation. Or a fourth illness could settle the question immediately.

Behind the question and the tragedy stands probably the least known and potentially the most powerful figure of our time. In every political argument, in the most casual street-corner chat, Vice-President Nixon is an invisible bystander listening avidly. If the American future belongs to anyone it belongs to a man whom nobody pretends to understand.

Articulate in words, silent in real communication, skilled in management but never infringing on the presidency, admired by some, liked by hardly anyone on Capitol Hill, growing steadily in public posture but changing no one knows how much in private character, and altogether the mystery man of this era, Nixon has every chance to be the next president.

He may well be president in the current term. If not, he will almost certainly be the Republican candidate in 1960. Since the Democratic Party has yet to find a winning alternative—Adlai Stevenson's mileage being used up and Johnson, the obvious choice, being handicapped if not barred by a coronary thrombosis chillingly like Eisenhower's first illness—Nixon must be a formidable candidate indeed.

No wonder that the departing Russian ambassador, Georgy Zarubin, calls not on the president but on Nixon to take home with him his impression of a future antagonist.

What kind of president Nixon would make no one knows, not even Nixon. Who in the spring of 1945 foresaw a great president in the haberdasher from Missouri? Who, in the "crusade" of 1952 foresaw the last years of Eisenhower?

The man of tragedy made Nixon and willed the presidency to him. When Nixon was in campaign fund trouble Eisenhower rescued him with the fatherly cry "That's my boy!" It was the gesture of a great-hearted comrade. But perhaps it was tragic, too. ★

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M-37

London Letter continued from page 10

"There is a general lack of restraint, completely out of keeping with British character"

session of their own house and they had to keep them in repair. It was basically unfair but in war it is not only on the battlefield that there are casualties.

After the war the control of houses and rent was continued but at last the Conservative government decided to bring in a rent act which decreed that after a certain date the decontrol of houses would come into force. But coming events cast their shadow. In a by-election at a constituency with a comfortable Tory majority the government candidate was defeated. And that was before the act had taken effect.

As an MP I had to deal with many cases in my Borough of Southgate but I found in that pleasant North London suburb a genuine sense of responsibility on the part of the owners. I am not denying that there were hardship cases where tenants under notice could not find any place to go but fortunately they were given time by the owners.

There was, however, no moderation or even a suggestion of fair play when Mr. Henry Brooke faced the angry crowd in the London Borough of Holborn. The microphone which for once he needed was torn from its plug and came back a few seconds later as a flying missile. The Union Jack spread across the platform table was trampled on as the Tory officials fought the mob. The table was pulled off the platform and demonstrators stood on it and tried to address the audience. Chairs and bottles were used as weapons.

Even when the meeting came to a disorderly end Mr. Brooke was hustled to a back room where he stayed behind locked doors for twenty-five minutes. Then he returned to the House of Commons a little flushed but with his usual perkiness.

But Mr. Brooke was not the only public man who had experienced mob violence. No less a minister of state than Rab Butler who is No. 2 in the Tory hierarchy had had a rough experience although there was nothing sinister in it.

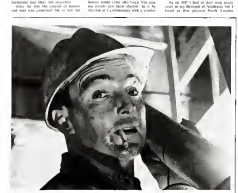
It is the custom of Glasgow University to elect annually a prominent public figure as rector. The choice this year fell upon Mr. Butler and in due course he went to Glasgow to receive the honor which the undergraduates had conferred upon him. Being a conscientious and highly intelligent man, Mr. Butler had prepared a wise speech although he knew that there would be a certain amount of traditional "ragging." But he assumed that the presence on the platform of the chancellor of the university (Lord Boyd-Orr) and the principal (Sir Hector Hetherington) would keep the high jinks within bounds.

I have to report however that both these high dignitaries looked anything but pleased when a fire extinguisher aimed at Mr. Butler drenched the platform personalities without discrimination. Mr. John Mack, who holds the post of Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship got hold of the extinguisher but lost his spectacles.

Not to weary you with this story of high spirits I shall merely record that Mr. Butler received a direct hit from a bag of flour which spattered his gown and suit followed by a rotten tomato which gave more than a touch of color to his face and gown. As a final gesture of delicacy Mr. Butler was met on his arrival with a huge sign "Welcome to Rochdale" thus commemorating the sensational Tory by-election disaster in Lancashire.

For once the Scots received a really bad press and in fairness let it be put on record that the Lord Provost stated publicly that it was obvious the students could not be granted the hall again for an installation ceremony. Whereupon the President of the Students' Council expressed regrets and apologies.

I do not think that we should take this Caledonian buffoonery too seriously or link it too closely with the uproar at Mr. Brooke's meeting but unhappily there is an undoubted general lack of normal restraint which is completely out of keeping with the British character.



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And perhaps the most sinister of all is among the teen-agers.

We have in Britain a seedy thin-limbed young man named Tommy Steele who is the rock 'n' roll Pied Piper of the teen-age cult. His dismal moronic face, his tight trousers, his imbecile hollow voice and the moaning misery of his songs have made him a figure of hysterical adulation. In my old fashioned war of 1914 he would have been put on latrine duty if he had ever sung at the sergeants' mess. As it is, his records sell by the thousands and he is mobbed ecstatically wherever he appears with his knock-kneed seedy body, his face of misery and his moaning rhythm.

We might dismiss him as an unimportant left-over example of the revenge of the black man on the white for it is to the Afro-Saxon that we owe these rhythmic imbecilities, but there is a genuine childlike enthusiasm in our colored brethren which cannot be achieved by these moaning young whites.

Before you condemn me as an oldster denying to youth the right to find its own form of self-expression let me state that the other day a few of us in the House of Commons were shown a remarkable color film dealing with teen-age crime in the port of Liverpool. Incidentally the film was brilliantly made and the young fellow who played the leader of the teen-age gang was so convincing in his villainy that he must be rated as an actor of almost repulsive brilliance.

But could such a picture be made with no attempt to hide the identity of Liverpool if it did not have a solid background of truth? Let us admit that sea ports with their flotsam and jetsam are different in character from inland cities but that is not enough to explain the story and the background displayed in this remarkable picture.

I have before me a cutting from the New York office of the London Daily Mail. Here is an extract from it:

> A picture of a Britain where "a mad repression flowers into mass but quaintly diabolical rhyming" was painted today by top U.S. columnist Robert Ruark. He talks of
>
> "Teddy Boys who terrorize trains and buses with bicycle chains, clubs, and knives, and their molls ... frowzy, blowsy, dirty-necked young sluts.
>
> "I will match London against the world for panderers, spivs, knife wielders, smugglers, racketeers, and general bad hats.
>
> "Dancing exhibitions by the upper crust in some of the fanciest clubs in town which would be ruled off course in a dive in Montmartre."
>
> Concludes Ruark: "I don't think the Yanks have a patch on the Mother Country for downright over-all rottenness of behavior."

There was a time when having read such a charge I would have made a violent protest or even raised it on the floor of the House of Commons but today I can only feel a sense of shame and bewilderment.

It is customary to blame such things on the aftermath of war and it may be that there is something in that point of view. Other students of human affairs blame the plethora of gangster films that followed the wider gangsterism of war. So far no one seems to attribute it to television although violence plays its part on the TV screen.

One cannot blame the newspapers for reporting, for example, such an idiotic prank as a collection of barefoot debutantes and their Teddy Boy escorts charging up and down the escalators at the London Airport on a recent Saturday night while skiffle groups jived their way through the lounges trampling furniture and smashing ashtrays. Two plain-clothed policemen were beaten up when they tried to separate warring gangs.

In the years that I have been responsible for the London Letter I cannot remember writing with such reluctance as I have done today. I wish that it were possible to say that this malaise of youth is nothing more than an incoherent protest against the hydrogen bomb fatalism which darkens the whole of civilization but that would be a mere retreat from reality.

Personally I believe that newspapers, films and TV must share the responsibility although not in the same proportion. These youngsters are more likely to be excited by the visual realism of the screen—whether in the cinema or on television—than by the printed word. It is the intimate quality of the screen that constitutes its danger to the susceptible undeveloped mind.

However I find a glimmer of hope in this darkling story by recalling that Jimmie O'Brien and his gang terrorized on youngsters who lived in St. Patrick Street, in Toronto many, many years ago. Then one night my father gave Jimmie a horsewhipping and there was no further trouble. I hate cruelty of any kind but, as the old saying has it, you sometimes have to be cruel to be kind.

The sooner we accept that truth in Britain the sooner we shall be rid of the plague of vicious adolescent vanity that feeds the hungry egotism of youngsters who crave street-corner notoriety and in their idiocy think it is fame. ★

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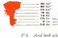

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Are our children growing up too fast?
Continued from page 25

“Faster growth because of diet may be harmful”

size of adults has increased enough to make the manufacturers of furniture and clothing scale up their size range to fit the expanding human frame.

- Is faster growth good or bad? So far no one knows whether it's a sign of health or a distortion of normal development like the growth induced by certain weed killers that force leaves to grow so luxuriantly that the roots can't keep pace and the plant dies. Rapid growth may subject your body to stresses that predispose it to cancer and heart disease.
- One of the reasons our children are bigger is a genetic one. Cross-breeding tends to increase the size of the stock, human or animal, and modern travel and mass migrations have resulted in the greatest intermingling in history of peoples of different geographic and racial origins. When rapid growth and early maturity are caused by heredity they seem to be entirely healthy. But there are also various environmental causes of which the most important is improved nutrition. When accelerated growth is the result of diet some doctors suspect that it has harmful effects.

Purely through genetic selection zoologists at the University of Toronto have bred strains of mice more than double normal size. Explains Dr I. Butler, associate professor of genetics, “In hybrid mice accelerated growth doesn't lead to early death when it's the result of selective breeding rather than of overfeeding or glandular disorders. We've speeded up growth by at least twenty-five percent and some of the mice live twice as long.”

The benefits of diet are more doubtful. For many years doctors regarded accelerated growth as the fortunate result of a rising standard of living, a simple case of better food producing bigger and better bodies. But recently health authorities have begun to wonder if speeding up a child's growth doesn't also carry hidden dangers. “We know that big babies are often nutritional problems,” says Dr L. B. Pett of Ottawa, head of the Nutrition Division of the Department of National Health and Welfare. “Rapid growth may be one of the factors in our increase in degenerative diseases.”

“All we can do now is speculate,” says Dr E. W. McHenry of the School of Hygiene, University of Toronto. “Improved methods of feeding didn't start till around 1920, so we won't see any definite results yet—if there are any. Nothing has shown up yet in the people now in their thirties, but coronaries and cancer are moving down the age scale and hitting more people in their forties. It's something we ought to think about. Every farmer knows that if you nurse animals to grow more quickly you shorten their lives. Are we damaging our children by overfeeding them and accelerating their growth?”

At present no one knows the answer. Today we can expect to live longer because we have more protection against disease. Better understanding of the problems and capabilities of elderly people has fostered a more encouraging view of old age and removed many of the fears and restrictions that once accompanied retirement. But it appears likely that our rapid growth might actually be making us age more quickly if these medical and social advances didn't compensate for it. In other words, we're living longer *in spite of* the fact that we're growing up faster. Growth itself may be a form of stress.

The way a human being grows from birth to adulthood is so complex that no one fully understands the relationship between increase in size and development toward sexual maturity. Does the fact that children are taller mean that they are reaching puberty at an earlier age? Some researchers believe that it does. According to the late Dr McAllister Brown, a British specialist in child development, over the last century girls have been reaching maturity about four months earlier every ten years. (Recent figures indicate that in temperate climates the average girl begins to menstruate at thirteen and a half; puberty is slightly later in torrid and frigid zones. In boys the maturing process is slower by about a year.) In 1939 three Swedish doctors wrote, “There is reason to believe that at the present time puberty sets in earlier in girls compared with the past. It is possible that the same kind of change obtains for boys too.” As proof they pointed out that in 1883 girls from ten to fifteen were taller than boys the same age whereas in 1939 this period of characteristic adolescent disproportion ended at thirteen.

Our startling increase in physical size has already spawned a number of changes in our way of living. All the equipment designed to fit the proportions of the human body is gradually being rescaled into a new size range. We're already using higher desks, tables and kitchen counters, for instance. In 1947 the half-fare mark in Toronto streetcars, which represents the height of an average ten-year-old, was raised from fifty-one to fifty-two-and-a-half inches.

Clothes are larger. Tip Top Tailors, for example, has scaled up all sizes for boys. Since World War II John Forsyth Limited has cut its quota of size fourteen-and-a-half shirts by half and quadrupled its output of size seventeens. (Canadian shirt manufacturers find that the farther west they travel the more large sizes they sell.) In Toronto there are enough men over six-foot-one to support a store that sells nothing but king-size clothes. The proprietor, an ex-wrestler named George Richards, stocks sixty-four-inch ties, size twenty-two shirts and suits made from five yards of material. (A suit for an average-sized man takes about three and three-eighths yards.) Some customers have to duck their heads coming through the store's seven-foot doorway. Tall women can shop at The Tall Shop in Montreal or Tall Gals in Toronto, where the average customer is five-foot-eleven and many are six feet four or five.

Women who would once have been labeled gawky wallflowers are now finding themselves in the vanguard of fashion. Height is an asset now that styles are set by the elegantly elongated models on whom couturiers drape their expensive designs. Our modern screen goddesses are tall women such as Carol Channing, incredibly magnified on CinemaScope for an audience saturated with size.

Sports show a similar trend. Basketball scores have soared now that the game is played by giants such as six-foot-seven Johnny (Stretch) McKibbon and six-foot-six Jim Curran, Tillsonburg, Ont., players who can flip ball into basket with their fingertips. On the track big-boned six-foot-one Roger Bannister sparked a flurry of four-minute miles.

The results of our increased size are apparent, but why are we the size we are? Why is the average Canadian in his thirties five-foot-eight instead of four-foot-ten or six-foot-six? Why are the Western races taller than most Orientals? Why are Englishmen on the average smaller than Americans? Why do short couples often have children bigger than either parent? If the human race is really getting bigger then how tall will our descendants be?

During the twenty-year period in which a human being expands from an egg 1/175 of an inch in diameter to adult size, several factors combine or conflict to determine his rate of growth, final shape and stature. From his parents he inherits a certain potential height, a limit beyond which his body cannot grow. Even the moment of his conception is significant; some researchers have found that children conceived in autumn and winter tend to be heavier, taller and stronger than those conceived in the warm half of the year. His prenatal growth depends on his mother's health and his development through childhood and adolescence is affected by the food he eats, the climate in which he lives, the rest and exercise he takes, the sickness he suffers and the workings of his endocrine glands.

Normal development follows a rhythm in which periods of upward growth alternate with filling-out periods. Children generally grow taller in spring and summer and heavier in autumn and winter. Height shoots up between ages seven and ten and again just before the beginning of puberty. Although boys are bigger than girls at birth their tempo of physical development is slower and they continue growing until nineteen or twenty while girls level off before eighteen. Children whose normal growth pattern is interrupted by malnutrition or infectious disease usually have a sudden spurt when their health improves. School-age children in France grew very slowly during the war but quickly caught up after liberation. But some conditions such as tuberculosis, coeliac disease and endocrine disorders may stunt growth permanently.

If your child's growth is normal you can use a rough rule of thumb to predict his adult height. At each year of age the average child has completed a certain percentage of his total growth. A boy of three is about 53 percent of his adult height, at eight 72 percent, at fourteen 91.1 percent. A girl of three has reached approximately 57 percent of her adult height, at eight 77.5, at fourteen 98.

Generally speaking tallness runs in families, but it's more likely that short parents will have a tall child than that tall parents will have a short child.

No one knows why certain families and certain races are tall while others are short. One theory holds that prehistoric races adapted the size and shape that best enabled them to survive in the climate they happened to live in. The Eskimos, it's thought, probably evolved from a race who were trapped north of

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the Siberian mountains at the time of the last Ice Age. The people equipped to exist in terrible glacial temperatures were the short squat ones whose bodies were designed to hold heat. On the other hand, races in tropical zones developed bodies with a much greater skin area in proportion to weight, because sweating through the skin is man's chief cooling device. In torrid areas, whether people grew tall—the Masai, for instance, whose men average more than six feet—or grew stunted—the pygmies—they stayed thin, achieving maximum body surface in relation to weight.

Geneticists have found that intermarriage between different races often produces children taller and stronger than either of the parent stocks. A Swedish research team found that fourteen year old boys in Stockholm averaged almost two inches taller than boys of the same age in a country district. Since they believed that the country boys got better food and other advantages, the investigators concluded that they were small because they came from families in which relatives had married for generations, whereas the city children came from less inbred stock.

The food we eat also helps to make us the size we are. People who habitually eat high protein foods are tall—the plains Indians, for example, who lived on buffalo meat. Chinese on the other hand are short because their inadequate diet is mostly carbohydrate. Second-generation Japanese in Canada and the United States show a striking increase in height over their immigrant parents.

In the United States prosperity and racial crossbreeding have combined to produce a bigger average size than that of European nations. When U.S. fighter aircraft were converted to British standards, it was found that the average American man was fifteen pounds heavier and bigger in most body dimensions than the average Englishman. Children in Canada seem to be larger than those in the United Kingdom but slightly smaller than children in the U.S.

The effect of food on body size shows up most noticeably in the different heights of children at different economic levels. A Toronto survey found that only 13.2 percent of the children of professional workers were under average height, while nearly thirty percent of laborers' children were shorter than average. A similar study made in Glasgow early in this century revealed that nine-year-old boys from the most prosperous districts of the city were more than two inches taller than boys the same age from the poorest sections.

A third influence on physical size is the working of the body's system of endocrine glands. Children who remain markedly short or grow enormously tall are usually victims of glandular disorders. One rare endocrine abnormality causes a tragic condition in which children become sexually mature when only a few years old and die of old age before reaching their teens. Overproduction of the growth hormone of the pituitary gland at the base of the brain produces giants such as Robert Wadlow, the eight-foot-nine Illinois boy who died in 1940 at the age of twenty-two. Ironically, he died of complications following a foot infection caused by a rub from the brace he wore to support his weight. Angus MacAskill and Anna Swan, two famous Nova Scotia giants who traveled with Barnum and Bailey in the nineteenth century, probably owed their height to pituitary overfunctioning.

Various kinds of evidence—medical records, MacAskill's eighteen-inch boot, the skeleton of the Irish giant Charles Byrne—still exist to show that exceptionally tall men lived in every age. But modern science rejects the gigantic gods and heroes who haunt the prehistory of every human race. It seems likely that men who were unusually large or strong or warlike—Goliath, Hercules, Charlemagne, Paul Bunyan—have been magnified to titanic size through the workings of time and imagination.

Anthropologists have banished giants to the realm of fable by establishing that our true ancestors were short people to whom a twentieth-century six-footer would appear enormous. Neanderthal man, who emerged about 100,000 B.C., was a thickset creature about five feet three inches tall. The Romans were small and old by forty. Every visitor to a museum knows that few men today are small enough to wear a suit of medieval armor. In fifteenth-century Europe a typical warrior might be five-foot-four, and ninety percent of the men of this period were less than five-foot-eight. The average woman of the last century was no taller than five-foot-two.

After rising gradually through the centuries our average height has made a sudden spurt within the last generation because of modern progress in medicine and nutrition. Will we go on getting bigger? Although geneticists agree that there's definitely a limit, no one can yet predict the height at which our growth will finally level off. The only safe guess is that our grandchildren will be taller than we are.

The idea that humanity is evolving toward a race of people with huge brains and tiny bodies seems to be just a science fiction writer's dream. ★

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The Canadian behind Henry Ford

continued from page 16

Couzens wanted money to invest in Ford. "No!" his tyrannical father cried — and lost millions

Malcomson decided to back Ford for a third try but had to keep the deal a secret—his credit would have suffered if it were publicly known he was backing anything so risky. He put the necessary funds in a bank in Couzens' name.

Malcomson also assigned to Couzens the duty of checking up on Ford's expenditures. "As Ford's bills piled up and finally went over the three-thousand-dollar limit we'd previously agreed on, I warned Malcomson many a time," Couzens once said. Before long Couzens was so much a part of the project that Malcomson brought him into most of the negotiations for getting cars produced.

He was no passive onlooker. This came out explosively at a meeting with John and Horace Dodge. These brothers, later to be famous as car makers in their own right, owned a machine shop and were brought in to make the chassis for the Ford cars as they were already doing for Ransom E. Olds. At a session with Malcomson, Ford and Couzens, John Dodge asked for certain provisions in the contemplated contract.

"I won't stand for that!" Couzens declared.

Not many persons had ever dared to talk that bluntly to muscular, brusque John Dodge.

"Who in hell are you?" demanded Dodge.

"Couzens is my adviser in this," Malcomson told Dodge.

Beg, borrow or steal

By June 16, 1903, the project had become too big for Malcomson to back alone. The Ford Motor Company was incorporated. Two days later the twelve stockholders held an organizational meeting at the Russel House, a Detroit hotel. Couzens held the smallest interest of the twelve.

He had told John Anderson, a young lawyer who was one of the other Ford backers, that he intended to "beg, borrow or steal" all the money he could to be well represented in the venture. But from whom? His bank account held just four hundred dollars.

His wife's mother had a nest egg of $15,000. He talked with her about a loan of a size that would have made him one of the biggest investors of all. There was a family meeting on the question. She hesitated, for she recalled "Jim's ice-box failure," an earlier losing venture with Malcomson.

In the end, however, she agreed to a loan of some size, but suddenly at that moment he decided that he could not bring himself to borrow from his mother-in-law after all. He simply could not be beholden to her in that way.

Instead he retraced his steps to Chatham. He knew that, like his mother-in-law, his father had a nest egg, though not as much as $15,000. The elder Couzens, then proprietor of a small Chatham soap factory, had left far behind the days during James' childhood when he was a dollar-a-day laborer. But he quickly and tartly demonstrated that he had no intention of parting with any of his funds, not even on a loan, for any such foolish enterprise as his son described to him.

"You should not even invest your own money!" the elder Couzens exclaimed.

This was an echo of Couzens' boyhood. Toward his first son the father was strangely tyrannical and given to frequent displays of the most violent temper, slapping and whipping the boy frequently. Couzens recalled later, "I have been panned ever since I was two years old."

For such conduct on his father's part there was seldom any real reason. For by no standard was the boy a delinquent. On the contrary, he was respectful to a fault and almost always obeyed to the letter any instructions given him by either parent, even though he once said that all his life he felt an "unjustifiable resentment to people making me do things." He thought he kept this "resentance" concealed, but apparently not so well concealed that his father did not suspect and resent this streak in him.

Tropical Anchorage
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Palm Breeze
VERY LIGHT
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Lamb's
NAVY
RUM
ALFRED LAMB & SON RUM CANADA LTD

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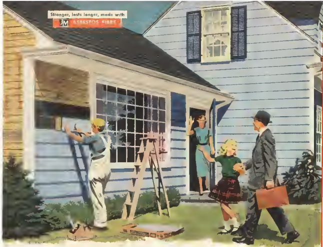
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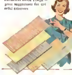

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Colorbestos Sidewalls have thousands of ceramic granules built in to impart color and texture and never need paint to preserve them. Made of J-M Asbestos Fibre and cement, they're rot proof, fireproof, permanent as stone ... go on right over your old sidewalls. They are the first choice of many leading builders, architects and homeowners.

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☐ new house
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It is plain that there was involved here an unusually strong case of tension between father and son. No doubt the elder Couzens never understood the cause of his flare-ups (seemingly confined to his firstborn son). Nor was he able to restrain them. No doubt, too, just as lacking in understanding about the anxiety produced in him by his father, the boy often provoked the outbursts of "tyranny" without realizing that he had done so. But whatever the cause, the disturbance was certainly there, with all its consequent conflict.

Inevitably this childhood was to produce a defensive wall in aggressive youth, one destined to be in an almost constant state of resistance to most forms of authority, real or fancied. This side of his nature first came clearly into the open at school when, on very slight provocation, he yanked at the beard of the principal, getting himself suspended for the offense. He himself later said that he guessed he did that because the principal's beard represented authority to him.

During the summer after he had completed primary school, when he was only twelve, he saw a want ad for a bookkeeper in a flour mill. He applied for it although, as he later admitted, he knew nothing about keeping books. Inevitably, he was given the position.

His father was not at all happy over this development. There was an emotional scene. But he took the job at the mill. He tackled it as though he really were qualified and soon announced that bookkeeping was to be his career. Moreover, he said he had no intention of going on to high school.

His ego took a severe knock when he lost the bookkeeping job. His employers concluded, after all, that he was too young. Then, after he decided to enter high school, he failed to pass the entrance examination. His father was irate and heatedly ordered him to get back to the soap works, where he had worked for a short time after leaving public school. Instead he boned up for another try at the entrance examination and this time he passed.

At high school he was more studious than he had ever been before. He spent less time idling with other boys in Chatham's Market Square. He had not liked the taste of failure. He swore that it would never happen to him again. After two years at high school he enrolled for a two-year course in bookkeeping at the Canada Business College in Chatham. To pay his way he worked as a newsbutcher on the Erie and Huron Railway.

The combination of Couzens' hustler instincts and his uneasy relations with his father made it unlikely that he would long remain in Chatham. He was destined to leave home as soon as he could. Only then could he—or his father and mother—have any real peace in the household; this was understood, though never expressed in so many words, by all three.

This, then, was the home Couzens returned to after thirteen years in Detroit to seek money to hazard in the Ford venture. When his father derided the investment as foolish, there remained only his sister. Rosetta Couzens had three hundred dollars saved from her earnings as a public school teacher in Chatham. She was willing to lend them to her brother. But again the father raised heated objections. Finally Rosetta compromised and offered a hundred and fifty dollars. "But he wanted it in even hundreds, so I gave him a hundred dollars."

Couzens returned to Detroit with the disappointing conviction that all he could invest was $500—his $400 and his sister's $100. Luckily he found Malcomson in one of his expansive moods. Malcomson agreed to advance him $500 on an expected bonus and also arranged for acceptance of a promissory note for $1 500. Thus, among the twelve shareholders—Alex Y. Malcomson and eleven disciples, so to speak—Couzens finally was recorded as holder of $2 500 worth of stock. In Couzens' view there should actually have been thirteen shareholders, counting his sister Rosetta. But Ford objected strenuously to a woman being allowed in the enterprise—any woman—so Couzens carried Rosetta's one share in his own name. That single share eventually earned Rosetta a fortune.

Malcomson had expected to be chosen president of the new company. But that office went to a banker named Gray—an irony in view of Ford's later attitude toward bankers—and Malcomson was named treasurer.

Ford was not even considered for president. Everyone concerned, even Ford, agreed that to have Ford as president would probably have been fatal to the financial rating of the new company. Instead he was given the title of vice-president and general manager in charge of mechanics and production.

The post of business manager, in active charge of all business affairs of the new company, as well as that of secretary, went to Couzens. Probably by instinct he paired off with Ford after the organizational meeting. Ford volunteered to take Couzens home in his odd-looking, tiller-steered runabout, and Couzens accepted the invitation. For the Ford Motor Company this was the real beginning—and also for the two "partners," as in due time they would be called.

Was Ford worth $3 000?

Up to that moment they had not had much to do with each other. "In the beginning I did not esteem Couzens highly," Ford recalled. As for Couzens, he had no better opinion of Ford. Now things between them changed.

Ford had special reasons for seeking to cultivate Couzens. It obviously bothered him that his associates in the company were strong men who could outtalk him and, so long as he owned only a fraction more than a quarter of the stock, outvote him. He felt the need of support, as he would often in the future. Only then could he function. And Couzens seemed to be his man, for he would feel much less like a lamb among lions if Couzens were lined up with him. "He does his own thinking; no one could tell him what to do," Ford later said, and he appreciated that quality in Couzens—then. As they bounced along that evening in Ford's car they talked of their plans. Among other matters, they discussed the salary each might expect from the new company. Couzens suggested $3 000 a year for Ford, $2 400 for himself. Ford the mechanic wondered if $3 000 were not too much.

"No," said Couzens, the businessman. "This could be an important project."

Ford's way of introducing to Couzens the matter of salaries was especially interesting. "What do you think we ought to ask from those fellows?" Couzens, of course, caught on to Ford's meaning. On one side there was to be Ford and Couzens, on the other the remaining shareholders.

Within two years, under the drive from this unwritten partnership, the fledgling giant had paid in dividends three times the original investment; an industrial phenomenon was well launched.

Perhaps, Ford later said, "magic" was a factor, but it was not only magic. Everyone worked frantically — and

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Couzens was the pace setter. "In those days," said the Ford Times, "J.C. was the entire office management—he hired and fired—he kept the books, collected, spent, and saved the cash, established agencies and dictated policy."

In 1952, in his book The Wild Wheel, business writer Garet Garrett summarized Couzens' role: "From the beginning . . . James Couzens had been the great he-person in the Ford organization. His gifts were four—a genius for the role of ringmaster in the ocean of business, an immense store of energy, a terrible temper and leonine roaring pouches."

Yet there remained a cloud, even as the Ford-Couzens fortunes boomed.

The company had been born under this cloud; for as early as July 1900 the owners of a certain patent had begun filing suits for infringement against various automobile manufacturers. Moreover the validity of the patent had been conceded by Alexander Winton, then the leader in the industry. In March 1903 there was formed "The Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers," with the avowed purpose of forcing out of business anyone not licensed under the patent.

Not everyone would be licensed either; the Association intended to practise discrimination.

Not until a week or so after the Ford Motor Company was organized did any of the Ford promoters hear about the patent or the Association.

Then this is what they learned: back in the early 1870s, George B. Selden of Rochester, a lawyer with a mechanical turn of mind, a member of a prominent up-state New York family, had begun studying "horseless locomotion." His idea was to "construct a light weight self-propelled vehicle with a large cruising radius which could be operated by one man, not a skilled engineer."

Selden at first experimented with a steam engine. Then he turned to the internal-combustion type. By 1879 he had progressed far enough to apply for a patent on this latter engine. Then he determined to wait for the world to catch up with him. He contrived to postpone the issuance of a patent, but kept his application alive through a long series of "amendments." The patent was finally issued on March 5, 1899. Under the leadership of the Olds Motor Company a group of Detroit manufacturers then formed a "protective committee" which took over the patent. Among the admitted, even boasted, aims of this committee was a restriction of production. Only manufacturers granted a license could produce cars, and these had to agree to limit the number of cars produced to a figure set by the committee.

Couzens first heard about all this a few days after the Ford Company was established.

A conference between the patent holders and the officers of the Ford Motor Company was held in Detroit in 1903. At this meeting their spokesman repeated the Ford Company could not stay in business unless licensed. For the Ford organization he had only one kind of advice: they should go out of business. The Ford people were only assemblers, not manufacturers. Assemblers were not wanted.

Nobody said anything for a while. They had been told that a legal fight to carry the matter to the highest court would cost at least $40,000, nearly as much as the total investment in the company. And there was no assurance that such a fight could be won. Some of the Ford stockholders were for yielding to what appeared to be the inevitable. Others, Malcomson included, hoped for some kind of a compromise.

Banker Gray talked moodily. He lamented that now he could not even unload his stock on others because he could not "conscientiously" recommend the shares as being a good investment.

Couzens broke the indecision and gloom. Following the pattern he had established as a boy in Chatham, later as a freight clerk at the Michigan Central and as assistant to Malcomson, he barked: "Selden can take his patent and go to hell with it."

"Couzens has answered you," said Ford.

At the next directors' meeting it was voted unanimously "to throw down the gauntlet, come what may." Space in newspapers was purchased for denunciations of the Selden patent. These Ford advertisements assured prospective car buyers: "We will protect you."

The ensuing battle was fought on the propaganda front as well as in court. New advertising barrages that specifically warned the public against the sale, purchase or use of Fords were set off by the Licensed Association. Any infraction would lead to prosecution, these ads said. Fords were barred from the automobile shows held at Madison Square Garden. In reply the Ford Company then advertised that it would put up surety bonds "to protect dealers, importers, agents and users from any attempt on the part of the TRUST to prevent you from buying the car of satisfaction."

The word "trust" was featured in much of the Ford advertising—shrewd exploitation of what was then becoming a popular political issue thanks to President Theodore Roosevelt's "trust busting program."

On this issue of monopoly the Ford Company soon acquired an interesting and powerful ally, John Wanamaker. The great Philadelphia and New York merchant had fought a patent war with the so-called bicycle trust. Now he looked forward to another and similar fight. Already handling Fords in his stores, Wanamaker began to feature them in his advertising. In January 1904 the Licensed Association filed suit against Wanamaker, and he hit back with full-page advertisements saying:

"Get a Ford car and enjoy it. We'll take care of the tomtoms. Don't give $600 to the Bogey man."

All this uproar had an unanticipated result—perhaps the most important single thing that happened in the early days of the company. As Couzens said later

We asked . . .

"Do you think the women of today are better cooks than their mothers?"

They answered . . .

Margaret Myer, Home Economics Division, Department of Fisheries, Ottawa—"Women of today have the opportunity to be better cooks than their mothers. Women of today have better equipment to work with, a wider choice of improved ingredients to use, more and better recipes to follow. Women of today have the opportunity to be better versed in the fundamentals of food and nutrition. If women of today are not better cooks than their mothers, they should be."

"Martha Logan," Home Economics Division, Swift Canadian Co.—"I certainly think that today's cooks are just as good as their mothers and their grandmothers too for that matter. The homemaker of yesterday prepared everything for her table, from baking her own bread to churning her own butter. She even whipped up the ice cream for dessert in her spare time—if she had any. Some people feel this makes grandmother a better cook. But today's homemaker can serve the same foods in much less time using packaged and prepared foods that will result in better nutrition. It will be a more attractive meal—this too the mark of a good cook. Whenever and wherever we have homemakers using available foods to the best advantage to fulfill the above standards, we have good cooks."

A five dollar bill goes to Mrs. N. Schneider, East Kildonan, Man., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.

Photo by KARSH

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If you're hunting for a smooth, *mellow* ale, take a tip from men who *know* ale, make it Brading's—*the first prize ale.* Mighty refreshing! Treat yourself to a case soon

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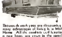

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This is a fast growing industry in Canada. Your territory may be open for a dealership.

Your guests will enjoy *wonderful*

LEA & PERRINS

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

12N

"The Selden suit was probably better advertising than anything we could put out."

The controversy made the Ford the best-known make in the land. Many people bought Fords because they were the only automobile they had heard about. Others bought Fords because they hated monopoly or just to be contrary, still others because "Honest John" Wanamaker said they were good cars.

There was at least one other important result. Both Couzens and Ford came to feel great admiration for Wanamaker, who was then plumping a novel concept of business: that the purpose of business was to render service to the public; that it was a duty of merchants to distribute products at the lowest price possible.

Both Couzens and Ford began to think and talk the same way. The influence of Wanamaker indeed may have been the initial inspiration for the later and world-celebrated concept of the Ford Motor Company—that of producing and selling cars at low cost, the foundation of the mass-production system in heavy industry.

But even before Ford worked out his mass production techniques the company was picking up momentum under Couzens' driving hand. The Ford-Couzens line was being cemented and Malcomson, the actual founder of the company, was more and more a voice in opposition.

In September 1905 Malcomson raised a row at a directors' meeting because Couzens' salary was raised to $8,000. Obviously his objection was emotional. That year the company had earned a net profit of $285,231.94. The other directors voted Malcomson down. After that even Malcomson had to concede that his own former clerk had supplanted him completely as the dominant businessman of the Ford Motor Company.

Which way the wind was blowing, how firmly the Ford-Couzens alliance had already jelled, was made evident even before this when the Ford Motor Company of Canada was organized in 1904. In this corporation Ford was president and Couzens was vice-president. But Malcomson was left out.

In the parent company Malcomson was still treasurer as well as a principal stockholder. But he really had little to say about policies. Ford and Couzens already had attained substantially their planned goal—independence from those fellows. Less than a year later Malcomson had been "frozen out" of Ford. Henry Ford became president for the last time and Couzens joined the directorate as treasurer and general manager.

By 1909 Ford was netting profits of more than four million dollars a year on the sale of 17,000 cars—a figure that made one U.K. newspaper scoff at an "industrial impossibility." But the Selden patent suit still hung threateningly over the enterprise.

Finally in 1911 the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals decided that while Selden had a valid patent, Ford and other manufacturers were using an "entirely different motor principle." The cloud over the Ford Company disappeared.

From this point on Ford flourished as no corporation had before. But the Midas touch left something to be desired for both Couzens and Ford. In spite of the riches that flowed in on them, in spite of all the doors thrown open to them, neither was really a happy man. Both discovered in fact—that success often is harder to endure than failure; that it frequently carries with it greater pitfalls for mind and soul. Ford was beginning to overrule decisions taken by Couzens. He was obviously beginning to chafe at two-man rule.

For his part Couzens began to lose much of the respect he had had for some of Ford's mental processes. He continued to recognize Ford's indisputable shrewdness and the validity of Ford's judgments on many things, especially on mass production. But he found himself shocked by certain points of view taken by Ford like Ford's anti-Semitism and such absurd statements as, "If you will study the history of almost any criminal you will find he is an inveterate cigarette smoker."

Couzens' inner conflict could be cured only one way. In July 1913 he took the first tentative step. "Notified Mr. Ford of my desire to resign, have office down town or have year's absence."

Thus did he record in his little notebook the fact that a new James Couzens was ready to emerge. Already a multimillionaire, his money-making period was nearly over. No longer could he maintain a career that was in such contradiction to his primary personality trait, a desire for independence. He had to be James Couzens—not merely Couzens of the Ford Motor Company.

As Couzens groped for a way to give him a new direction he began to look at the Ford Motor Company from a different perspective. Up to then, the company had been merely a money-making machine. In President Calvin Coolidge's phrase, its "business was business" and nothing more. Now Couzens began to view the company as a possible social instrument, particularly in regard to "the labor problem."

Renegade millionaire

At his clubs he began to get the reputation of a progressive fellow on economic subjects, for he questioned the ideas then common among successful businessmen. In part he was bent on deflating some swollen egos. It pleased him to tell other wealthy manufacturers bluntly that they were successful not because of superior brains but because of a direct or indirect government subsidy or because their labor was sweated.

In one major respect however Couzens was not yet unorthodox at all. Wage rates were no higher at the Ford plant than at any other automobile plant. Indeed for certain skills they were even lower at Ford's, where painters were paid as little as seventeen cents an hour. And the company followed the policy of laying off labor whenever full production was not possible.

One evening near Christmas 1913 Couzens came across an editorial item that seemed to have a bearing on the labor problem at the Ford plant. The editor was commenting on a letter from a reader who had asked why "if it believed in socialism the magazine did not practice what it preached in its own affairs." The editor answered that progress had to be universal; that until everyone changed a single person or company could not change and survive. "That," said Couzens, "was an asinine answer."

The next morning Couzens told Henry Ford that the basic minimum wage at the Ford plant should be five dollars a day. He decided on five dollars because "it's a good round number," he told an interviewer.

Ford objected: "We pay as much as anyone pays."

"But we're responsible for those men," Couzens said, pointing through a window at a group of unemployed men outside. "We should give our people wages that permit them to save against the time when we have no work for them."

Ford came back next with the suggestion that minimum wages for everyone be increased to three dollars and fifty cents a day.

"No, it's five or nothing," said Couzens.

"Then make it four," said Ford.

"No," insisted Couzens, "five or nothing. A straight five-dollar wage will be the greatest advertisement any automobile concern ever had."

Couzens carried his point. The famous wage plan, because it doubled wage rates at one stroke in a great factory, was indisputably one of the major events of the era, both in its immediate and in its later impact upon the economic structure of North America.

The wage boost proved a temporary palliative for the tension that had been building between Couzens and Ford. However within six months the old trouble between Couzens and Ford came to the surface again. Plainly all that was needed for a final break to occur was some appropriate "incident."

Since early in World War I Ford had been issuing various pronouncements on the conflict and its meaning for the United States, statements that increasingly irritated Couzens. He said in one statement: "To my mind the word murderer should be embroidered in red letters across the breast of every soldier."

On the evening of Oct. 11, 1915, Charles A. Brownell, Ford's advertising manager, stepped into Couzens' office with the attitude of caution and wariness customarily adopted by nearly everyone. His mission was to get Couzens' approval of the page proofs for the next issue of the Ford Motor Company magazine, the Ford Times. He was acting in accordance with a rule that everyone in the Ford organization understood in those days—that Mr. Couzens had to approve everything (or nearly everything) the company did, and of late this had applied especially to articles in the Ford Times.

Brownell handed Couzens a set of the proofs. In his characteristically quick way Couzens thumbed through them while Brownell held his breath. Nothing objectionable to Couzens turned up—until his eyes fell upon one particular article.

The effect on him of glancing at this article was an almost instantaneous—and characteristic—reddening, first of his neck and then of his face—danger signs that all who knew him well understood. The article contained the substance of remarks previously published in the Detroit Free Press and credited to Henry Ford, remarks concerning the war in Europe and the "preparedness movement" in the United States. The tenor of these remarks was distinctly pacifist.

"You cannot publish that," Couzens told Brownell.

"But Mr. Ford himself—"

"You cannot publish this. Hold it over."

"But Mr. Ford said—"

"These are Mr. Ford's personal views, not the views of the company. This is the company paper. He cannot use the Ford Times for his personal views. I will talk to Mr. Ford tomorrow."

Brownell withdrew without saying anything more. He knew a decision had been made at Ford when Couzens had made it.

Couzens turned his swivel chair away from his flat-top desk and shut violently the roll top of his other desk.

These two desks formed the nerve centre of the Ford Motor Company. To them came reports from the 6,700 Ford agents, the thirty-five Ford branches, the twenty-six Ford assembly plants, the forty-eight American banks and the two foreign banks in which the Ford company millions were deposited. From these desks came the decisions that guided the company's affairs throughout its already vast empire in the United States and abroad—every place in fact except in the main shop and in the laboratory (Henry Ford's particular bailiwicks)—and sometimes in these places as well.

Couzens got up briskly. He walked over to his clothes rack and planted a black derby firmly on his prematurely grey head. For a moment he stopped before the mirror over the washbasin to adjust his necktie knot to a precisely correct position in his high stiff collar, flicked away some dust that may or may not have been on his jacket sleeves, thriftily turned off the office lights and in an instant with his usual quick gait left for his home.

His movements that evening down to the last gesture were all routine for him. He had gone out of the Administration Building that same way night after night since it had been built. But after arriving home he went to bed earlier than usual, explaining to his wife, Margaret, that he had one of his migraine headaches.

At ten o'clock the next morning Henry Ford came into Couzens' office. "He was perfectly good-natured. He sat and visited awhile," Couzens later described the meeting.

The two partners, as they were known, talked of Couzens' recent trip to Cali

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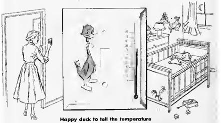

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forma of Ford's plan to attend the San Diego Exposition there with Thomas A Edison. Then Couzens said to Ford "I held up the Times because of your article about the war."

Suddenly as if a match had been touched to gunpowder the calm and friendly atmosphere in the office exploded.

Ford's geniality changed swiftly into something else—a belligerence not usually associated with Henry Ford in those days an attitude he had certainly never before shown so sharply to Couzens, although others in the company already knew that Ford was capable of such a transformation. As Couzens himself said some time later "Mr. Ford just flew off the handle I was shocked aghast."

Couzens did not recall in detail everything Ford said on that occasion. But he did remember Ford's having snapped "You cannot stop anything here."

"Well then," Couzens replied, "I quit." ★

James Couzens biography under the title INDEPENDENT MAN will be published later by Scribners.

Is there a drug to cure cancer?

Continued from page 13

"This year one laboratory alone will test some forty thousand possible anti-cancer compounds"

Institute at Bethesda Maryland.

In the past the adult with chronic leukemia often spent his final months or years as an invalid in discomfort and pain. The magic of new nitrogen mustards (Myleran TEM HN2) radioactive phosphorous and a complex compound, urethane sometimes prolong the life of the chronic leukemic. Significantly the patient is now often fully active and in good health practically until the time he dies. Douglas Cameron of the Montreal General Hospital had as a chronic myelocytic leukemia patient a thirty-five-year-old businessman. He was under medical treatment for five years. During nearly all of this time he was able to go to work every day and keep his affairs in excellent shape.

Choriocarcinoma is a highly malignant—and fortunately an uncommon—form of cancer of the uterus. It develops from the fetal placenta. It responds in a spectacular way to amethopterin. Dr Roy Hertz of the National Cancer Institute and Dr Min Chiu Li of the Sloan Kettering Institute report that of fifteen patients the tumor has disappeared in five and in another five the disease has been arrested in a remarkable fashion. The scientists are hopeful that when the usual waiting period of five years elapses, these five "cured" patients will still show no evidence of disease.

In female breast cancer new efficient synthetic hormones radioactive gold and nitrogen mustards benefit as many as fifty percent of the patients. These drugs, combined with radiation and surgery make it possible for many patients to live longer—in some cases many years longer. In male prostate cancer similar treatment gives even better results.

Slow but definite progress is being made in discovering a vaccine against cancer. Dr Charlotte Friend of the Sloan Kettering Institute has recently produced a vaccine that protects ninety percent of mice against mouse leukemia. Dr Friend made her immunizer by following the same process used in the development of the Salk vaccine for polio.

Fifty North American hospitals are experimenting with drugs to make surgery on lung liver and stomach cancer more effective. Hitherto these deeply hidden cancers have been the most difficult to treat. Surgeons are now giving patients strong doses of powerful anti-cancer drugs at the time of surgery. "In manipulating a tumor at the time of an operation," explains Endicott of the Chemotherapy Center, "clumps of cancer cells often get into the bloodstream, circulate and look around for another place to settle and start growing. Because the cancer cells are unsettled we believe this is a good time to use anti-cancer drugs—they'll do the most good. This has already been proven in surgery with cancerous animals." A new drug, TEPA, first used at the Sloan Kettering Institute has yielded the most promising results in this form of treatment.

Antibiotics, the family name for the wonder drugs such as penicillin and streptomycin which cure infectious diseases, may be the source of yet another drug—one that can destroy cancer. The Sloan Kettering Institute has already tested twenty-seven thousand new culture filtrates that might contain new antibiotics. One in every hundred examined shows some anti-cancer activity. "And we haven't yet scratched the surface," says Dr Chester Stock of the institute. "There are infinite possibilities in antibiotic preparations." One of the most hopeful is mitomycin which Stock recently brought back with him from Japan. "It retards the growth of a wide variety of cancers in animals," says Stock. New antibiotics—azaserine DON actinomycin C and actinomycin D—are already being used clinically on a variety of cancer patients.

Another white hope for the cancer victim is a group of drugs that make normal tissue less sensitive to radiation and cancerous tissue more sensitive to radiation. With their help according to Dr Marvin Lougheed radiologist at the Montreal General Hospital, it will become increasingly possible to bombard malignant tumors with massive doses of X ray without harming the patient. Given enough radiation all cancer cells will perish. Up to now the doses have had to be limited so as not to destroy surrounding normal tissue.

The list of effective anti-cancer drugs is almost certain to grow month by month because of the research now underway. No single disease has been assaulted by so many men backed by so many dollars. In Canada the National Cancer Institute is spending a million dollars a year to subsidize the work of scientists at half a dozen centres. In the United States the National Cancer Institute is budgeting fifty-six million dollars a year to find cancer cures. Half that amount is being spent by the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center directed by Kenneth Endicott a forty-two-year-old pathologist. "You might call our operation 'The Wall Street of Cancer Research,'" he says. "We underwrite, direct and co-ordinate the work of a vast network of drug firms, hospitals, universities, private laboratories and individual scientists." This year the Chemotherapy Center will collect and test some forty thousand possible anti-cancer compounds and antibiotic preparations. "Any one of them might prove to be the magic bullet that destroys cancer," says Endicott.

The cancer scientist can approach his job from two directions. One is the "rational" approach, that is, he can study minutely the chemical processes of the birth, growth and death of the normal cell and the cancer cell. By making thousands of comparative measurements the scientist might some day learn the secrets of the cancer cell. "With this information on hand," says Dr Charles S Cameron former medical director of the American Cancer Society, "synthesizing the anti-cancer drugs will be largely a mechanical problem for the biochemist."

The cancer scientist's other approach is the "empirical"—trying out thousands of drugs to see which ones check tumor growth. Most researchers shun this method, preferring to concentrate on an orderly systematic investigation of the cancer cell. However because cancer is a continuing catastrophe—twenty thousand Canadians and a quarter of a million Americans died of it last year—many scientists have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the crash empirical program now underway.

No possibilities are overlooked. Cancerologists at the National Cancer Institute have even experimented with the juice of the needles of the juniper trees which shade their laboratories. At the Sloan Kettering Institute scores of substances some familiar some strange, some exotic arrive each month. "We try all materials sent to us for possible anti-cancer properties if they meet certain requirements," says Chester Stock. These have included milkweed, garlic, red clover, Royal Bee Jelly, lemons, mistletoe, beets, rare plants from Iran and other distant lands. A number of toadstools and mushrooms have shown interesting anti-cancer powers and are being further tested. The Brooklyn Botanical Gardens frequently ship in an assortment of molds and fungi they've grown. A rabbi recently called Stock's office claiming that the Talmud mentions [illegible] as a tumor cure. "By coincidence, the substance is already on our research program list," says Stock. Several times a year the institute receives packages of "grandmother's secret remedy for warts and growths." They are usually caustic substances containing zinc chloride.

A South American suggested a complex fluid made up of jungle plants and herbs used by a primitive tribe for centuries to shrink human heads. "We got a supply of the fluid and tried it," says Stock. "It actually did shrink tumors but it was not as good as dozens of other chemicals we've got on hand."

Actually as Warwick of the Ontario Cancer Institute points out "both rational and empirical research are necessary at this time. The rational scientist is always suggesting possible cancer-fighting chemicals that should be tested; the empirical scientist frequently reports on compounds that should be examined carefully in the laboratory."

It is the life cycle of the normal cell and the cancer cell that is the focal point of the rational scientist. Nobody knows precisely what causes cancer in the fundamental sense. A cell or group of cells begins to run wild reproducing at lightning speed, eventually crowding out the normal cells, much the same as scrub grass knocks out lawn grass. Millions of cancer cells pile up to form a malignant tumor. Later groups of these cells may be carried to other parts of the body by the blood and lymph streams where other tumors may start growing. This may occur in the stomach, breast, lung or any one of about sixty-five other sites. When the disease becomes spread in this manner treatment is difficult. Until recently it has been almost hopeless.

What the scientist is searching for is a chemical that will kill the cancer cell and at the same time do no damage to the normal cell in somewhat the same manner as 2 4 D kills weeds without affecting lawn grass. (It is no coincidence that Dr J H Quastel, the world-renowned biochemist who discovered 2 4 D is now directing cancer research at the Montreal General research institute.) To accomplish this by design the scientist would have to know exactly how normal and cancer cells differ biochemically. Penicillin is effective against pneumonia and streptomycin works against tuberculosis because they manage to knock out the offending bacteria without interfering with the normal cells. This is relatively simple because bacteria are invaders from the outside and are far different than the body's cells. Cancer cells, on the other hand are produced by the body. To compound the problem they are practically identical twins of normal cells: they are built pretty much the same and require almost the same foods. "We've got hundreds of chemicals that destroy cancer cells," says Warwick, "but unfortunately they are also fatal to normal tissue."

However after years of effort researchers have detected subtle differences

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between cancer and normal cells. Therein lies much of the hope for a powerful cancer drug or drugs. The differences lie in the metabolism. Since some cancer cells grow faster they eat more food and eat it in different combinations than the normal cell. The scientist has therefore designed drugs that will frustrate the cancer cell in its effort to remain healthy by gobbling up such essentials as vitamins, proteins, fats and carbohydrates.

They accomplish this by pulling a kind of scientific con game on the cancer cell. They inject drugs in the body which resemble essential foods the cancer cell needs but which in fact are quite different: they're phony ersatz foods. The cancer cell is duped into eating them and is ultimately poisoned or starved to death. It's very much like putting large quantities of sawdust in cattle food—you'll fool the animals but ultimately they may die on you. A whole group of these chemical tricksters have been devised, known as antimetabolites because they interfere with the metabolism of the cancer cell.

The part of the cell the scientists are most anxious to fool is the nucleic acid. This lies at the heart of every cell and seems to be the lord and master of the cell. A now popular theory is that when something goes wrong with the nucleic acid a normal cell becomes cancerous and so do all its descendants. A close link has been shown to exist between nucleic acid and cancer: radiation or any substance that can cause or cure cancer has a marked effect on the cell's nucleic acid.

A number of antimetabolites are already proving their worth in treating cancer, especially leukemia.

Canadian scientists are playing an important role in cracking the mysteries of cell metabolism. At Laval University Dr Louis Berlinguet has devised fourteen "phony" amino acids which when fed to the cancer cell will prevent it from synthesizing necessary protein. A colleague, Dr F. Martel, is carefully charting the chemical changes that take place in the blood even before there are clinical signs of cancer. At the Montreal General Hospital Research Institute Dr Quastel is directing six projects delving into the diet of the cancer cell.

Ironically other drugs that show great promise in the battle to conquer cancer are related to a compound designed to kill not cure—mustard poison gas. The current widespread interest in HN2 (as nitrogen mustard is called by chemists) as an anti-cancer drug came about by accident. During the Italian invasion in September 1943 an allied ship carrying a hundred tons of mustard gas was hit by a bomb. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors who were forced to jump overboard came in contact with the material in the water. Medical researchers who later examined these men found that they had a greatly reduced number of white blood cells. Since this condition is characteristic of certain kinds of cancer the scientists began to wonder whether small amounts of nitrogen mustard might not have a therapeutic effect on tumors. Their hunch paid off. One patient in an American hospital was being strangled by a huge tumor in the neck lymph glands. Given HN2 the tumor seemed to melt away and the patient could breathe again. It was also found to be beneficial in chronic leukemia. In fast growing lung cancer forty percent of the patients were helped by HN2.

Today there are some thirty nitrogen mustardlike drugs either being used in therapy or undergoing clinical tests. HN2, TEM and Myleran (a British drug) have been of benefit in some cases of solid tumors of the stomach, kidney, uterus and ovary. In breast and lung cancer the patient's pleural cavity sometimes becomes filled with fluid. This is extremely uncomfortable and the draining-off process is painful. Today when this condition appears, doctors inject the pleural cavity with a solution of salt and HN2. The results are sometimes remarkable. Douglas Cameron of the Montreal General Hospital reports that one patient formerly had to have his pleural cavity drained every month; now, thanks to HN2, once every nine months is sufficient.

At the University of Colorado pharmacologist Richard Whitehead has combined HN2 with the anti-cancer drug urethane and is using it to treat cervix and breast cancer in combination with radiation. At the University of Pennsylvania Dr Charles C. Price and Dr Ralph Jones conceived of the idea of mixing HN2 with chloroquine, an anti-malarial drug. They theorized that because chloroquine tends to concentrate in certain hard-to-reach parts of the body it would carry along with it the anti-cancer HN2 to hitherto inaccessible tumors. The new combination drug—chloroquine mustard—is being tried on two hard-to-reach cancer sites, the adrenal glands and the brain. Research in the nitrogen mustards has now assumed international proportions with Britain, France, Hungary, Japan and Russia all preparing and testing a wide variety of compounds.

The "beer" that cures

While the nitrogen mustards show great promise many scientists such as Kenneth Endicott of the Chemotherapy Center believe that new and powerful tumor-destroying antibiotics will make the biggest headlines in the months ahead. Twenty years ago, Endicott points out, antibiotic drugs were unknown; today penicillin, aureomycin, terramycin, streptomycin and other drugs are commonly used to knock out diseases that were within our memory unconquerable.

Antibiotics are now receiving the lion's share of the Chemotherapy Center's time and money. Last year thirty thousand of them were tested. The search for the antibiotic has all the thrills of a sweepstake because it may be found in a spoonful of earth anywhere in the world. Antibiotics are grown from micro-organisms found in the soil. When the micro-organisms are placed in a nourishing broth or "beer" they have the ability to manufacture compounds with unusual structures and biological activities. These beers are then tested for their anti-cancer powers.

Thousands of soil samples from all over the world are now being gathered in the hope of capturing the all powerful micro-organism. Last summer Celia Halpern and Gwen Kamran of the Chemotherapy Center went to Europe carrying with them several "soil sample" kits. A complete kit consists of a rectangular cardboard box containing eighteen one-ounce jars and a spoon. They gathered their samples from grassy damp areas an inch or two below the surface of the earth. Some samples were taken from the Riviera in France, others from the ruins of Pompeii in Italy and Tintern Abbey in England. Nobody knows what part of the earth's surface is likely to yield the most productive soil. One official of the American Cancer Society has suggested that the soil of graveyards, because it's rich in micro-organisms, might turn up particularly active material but the theory hasn't yet been tested.

Several antibiotics developed from these soil samples are already at work fighting cancer. Amethopterin is effective in fighting a particularly malignant form of cancer of the uterus. Azaserine in combination with other chemicals, is valuable in leukemia. Actinomycin C has been used in Germany in Hodgkin's disease while actinomycin D is useful in treating some children with Wilms' Tumor—a kidney cancer.

At the same time improvements are being made in hormone therapy. It's long been known that a relationship exists between the body's hormones and cancer. Breast cancer in the female often requires a supply of female sex hormone, estrogen, for growth. If the supply of estrogen is cut off—and this can be done by surgically removing the glands which produce it or by neutralizing its effect with androgen, the male sex hormone—the growth of the tumor is usually arrested. Similarly prostate cancer in the male can be checked either by surgery or by the counteracting action of the female sex hormone, estrogen.

Day by day the knowledge of hormones and their relationship to cancer is growing. It is now known that the hormones of the pituitary and adrenal glands are also involved in cancer growth. ACTH, cortisone and some thirty new types of synthetic hormone preparations are being studied for their influence on tumor development. What seems to be emerging is that good health depends on the glandular system keeping the body in a state of biochemical balance. If the glandular system falls down on the job then cancer or other diseases develop. This points the way to cancer prevention in the future. By careful tests it should be possible to establish when the body is biochemically imbalanced and to correct the condition by hormone injections.

Perhaps the most intriguing branch of chemotherapeutic research is the one that uses human volunteers. This is the search to find out whether or not the human body has natural defenses against cancer much the same as it has defenses against viruses and bacteria. If these defenses exist then they can be strengthened, perhaps by "cancer shots" or by some other method.

It is well known that some people have an amazing power to resist invasion by cancer. Recently Dr William Boyd, a former University of Toronto pathologist, reported on some twenty cases of spontaneous regression in cancer in which well-developed tumors stopped growing and disappeared. In one remarkable case a twenty-three-year-old Montreal woman was sent home to die since half her body was invaded by tumors. Yet four years later she was married, had three fine children and was enjoying perfect health.

Why should this be so? How did it happen? To unravel some of the mysteries of the body's natural resistance to cancer, Sloan-Kettering scientists have been working with human volunteers—prisoners at Ohio State Penitentiary. Using a hollow needle they implanted a cluster of five million cancer cells under the skin of the forearm of fourteen healthy volunteers. In all fourteen cases a large patch of inflammation appeared around the injection indicating that the body was rejecting the cancer cells. Later the cancer cell implants were removed by surgery or disappeared by themselves. The cancer did not reappear at a later date in a single volunteer. Some weeks later the same group were again given implants of the same cancer. Their bodies destroyed the cancer even more rapidly this time indicating that the defense reaction had increased.

The same procedure was tried on fif

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There was, in fact, no determination until the fourth century as to which writings were to be accepted as inspired. This was done by the Catholic Church when Pope Damasus in the year 382 caused the list of inspired Scriptures to be drawn up, and the Council of Carthage 15 years later proclaimed the canon of Sacred Scripture.

But even then there was no mass circulation of the Bible, for all copies had to be made by hand. A general distribution became possible only with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

If Christ had intended a book to be the sole authority for His teaching, would He have allowed centuries to pass . . . and hundreds of millions to die . . . before making it available? If the very souls of men depended upon this book, would He not have worked a miracle of multiplication as He did with the loaves and fishes?

Catholics, of course, share with other Christians a deep reverence for Holy Scripture. And it would be strange indeed if this were not so, for the Catholic Church is the custodian and preserver of the Bible and Christianity's official witness to its inspired authorship. But for Catholics the rule of faith is as it was for St. Paul . . . "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (I Timothy 3:15).

Jesus, as all Christians know, wrote nothing. Nor did He instruct the Apostles to do so. But He did command them to teach, and He gave them divine authority to do so. "As the Father has sent me, I also send you" (John 20:21) and "He who hears you, hears me; and he who rejects you, rejects me" (Luke 10:16). And we know from the New Testament itself that the Apostles ordained successors to carry on their teaching.

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teen patients with advanced cancer at the James Ewing Hospital in New York. In thirteen of the fifteen patients the cells thrived and continued to grow until they were removed some weeks later. In four cases the cancer recurred and continued to grow. "This experiment seems to indicate that cancer patients lack some defense mechanism present in a healthy human being," says Dr. Chester Southam of the Sloan-Kettering Institute.

Precisely what is this mechanism? Comparing the blood of the Ohio volunteers with that of the James Ewing Hospital patients, scientists put their finger on properdin, a natural defense chemical occurring in the blood. They found that the level of properdin in the blood varied directly with the ability of the person to fight cancer. It is now believed possible that properdin actually causes the destruction of implanted tumors. In simultaneous experiments conducted on animals it was discovered that zymosan, a yeast product, when given in very small doses, had the ability to raise the levels of properdin in the blood. Further studies of properdin are now underway and exciting results may come from them.

None of the scientists I spoke to in Canada or the U.S. would hazard a guess as to when an all-powerful chemical cancer cure would be discovered. They agreed, however, that probably not one drug but many would be found, each with the power to cure a particular type of cancer. They envisaged whole new classes of cancer-fighting chemicals now unknown.

To physicians such as Dr. David A. Karnofsky of the Sloan-Kettering Institute, who spends much of his time testing drugs on patients with runaway tumors, finding a cancer cure is a matter of urgency. "It's a sad and frustrating experience every time you lose a patient," he says. But in spite of all the failures, like other cancer chemotherapists, he's not discouraged. "Today we can help patients who were formerly abandoned; tomorrow we'll be able to help even more of them. Chemotherapy is a rewarding business." ★

I married a wrestler

continued from page 19

"When a woman scurried over and splashed a cup of orangeade all over my dress, I'd had enough"

quite nicely. But for a long time we used to sit at the window of our apartment once school was out, anxiously waiting to see how John had fared that day with the [illegible]. With [illegible] like that who needed danger?

Then there was one of the few times I went to one of my husband's matches in Belleville, Ont. When we entered the arena Athol asked an usher to find me a good seat on the aisle and not to tell anyone who I was. Of course the usher spread the good word. Midway through Athol's bout, while he was exciting the crowd with an exhibition of skilful and scientific villainy, some of the angrier fans started throwing peanuts — at me! I sat there and tried to ignore the barrage. But when a woman who looked like Whistler's Mother scurried over to my seat and splashed a cup of orangeade all over my brand-new white nylon dress, I'd had enough. With all the dignity left to me I got up and flounced out.

That first year in Toronto was really my sudden induction into life as a wrestler's wife, for almost all of Athol's previous work in the ring had been done a safe distance away in such places as Malaya and Indonesia. Since then it has been a wonderful life in many respects, downright wacky in others.

On one hand, Athol's income has enabled us to acquire that coveted symbol of the successful capitalist, a sleek black Cadillac. On the other, because his calling has kept us flitting about like a family of gypsies, we've never yet had a house to call our own. We've crossed the American continent six times, lived twice in California and once, for ten idyllic months, on the beach at Waikiki. At the age of fifteen young John has gone to more schools than the average PhD, but his interests have been widened by travel, by witnessing such disparate tribal rites as a Japanese tea ceremony, a Hawaiian wedding feast and New York's Easter Parade. He's now a champion swimmer, a painter of some promise and a good student who hopes for a career in science. As for his four-year-old brother Christopher—who wants to be Mickey Mouse — our peregrinations have left him with an accent blending neighborhood Canadian, parental Australian and pidgin English as she is spoke by the beach boys of Honolulu.

In other ways, too, our lives have been shaped by Athol's occupation. Since he normally rises at noon and has supper at one or two a.m., our small son Chris and I follow the same ungodly schedule. Since father's weight has a direct bearing on his livelihood — a wrestler's frame needs some padding, but not too much—we go from feast to famine. If he's in fighting trim we eat well and our meat bill alone runs to thirty dollars a week. If not we're all off on another health kick of yogurt, sunflower seeds, millet and other uninspiring victuals.

Finally, though Athol's job has prevented us from sinking roots in any one community for very long—possibly with the compensating result that we're closer than most families—it has also given us the chance to meet a great many fascinating people. Most intriguing of all are those who've made it all possible—the devotees of wrestling.

The great maestro Toscanini used to claim that attending wrestling matches released his pent-up tensions and left him refreshed. This may help to explain "Hatpin Mary," an elderly addict in Niagara Falls, Ont., who delights in puncturing the principals when and where they're not looking.

I'm not qualified to say why wrestling fans get that way, merely that they do. When we were living in California a few years ago Athol and a colleague, a Lord Blears, provoked such international ill will thereabouts that a British consular official actually asked them to ease up. As usual the rest of us became well aware of the prevailing [illegible]. On one occasion a butcher in Santa Monica refused to serve me. "I don't want your money," he said. "I saw your husband fight real dirty last night." Another time, after we'd appeared on a TV show in Hollywood, a woman wrote me: "Your family seems nice. Why don't you leave that slob?" Still others mailed pennies and nickels to us at home, suggesting we leave America on the next cattle boat.

Most of these incidents merely amused us but one really hurt. It occurred the first time we went to watch John compete in a swimming meet. Like all the other parents we cheered each swimmer lustily. But when John won a race Athol and I found we were the only ones applauding. The rest stared darkly at us. John crawled out of the pool and came over to us. "Well, Dad," he said, trying hard to grin, "it looks like I'm a heel too."

It wasn't long after this that Athol decided, for the peace of mind of the whole family, to abandon a heavy's role for that of a good guy.

This remarkable reformation came about the hard way. In a match in California in the summer of 1954 a wrestler we'll call Aristotle Jones popped his thumb in Athol's eye and detached the retina. After two delicate operations to save his sight he had to lie stock still in hospital for one month with bandages on his eyes and sandbags about his head to keep it rigid. One evening when I came to visit him I found two wrestling enthusiasts already there, annoying him with Biblical quotations. "As ye sow so shall ye reap," one of them said. "It's the old law of retribution." I've never been so furious in all my life. I [illegible] them the devil out of there.

Sympathy for a "villain"

Happily they were exceptions. For in the six months Athol spent recuperating, he received more than three thousand get-well cards, letters and telegrams from people in California and Ontario—the very places where he'd been least likely to win any popularity polls. We gratefully answered each one of them.

And that was largely why, when we returned to Toronto early in 1955, Athol mended his professional manners and life became more pleasant for all of us.

Serious as it was, Athol's injury had a rather amusing sequel. He'd always suspected that the man who caused it, Aristotle Jones, had done so deliberately and he promised next time they met to give that fellow a bit of bother. When the two of them were finally booked into Minneapolis at the same time in 1956 I was afraid that something dreadful would result from it. As it turned out, Athol came face to face with Mr. Jones again in the Minneapolis promoter's office. Before he could say a word Jones rushed over, pumped his hand and said, "Great to see you, Lord. How's tricks? Say! I just got married a while back. Wait here. Wanna ya meet the little woman." He ducked out the door and came back with a great blowzy amazon whom Athol recognized as a lady wrestler. "I couldn't even say a nasty word to him," he told me that night by telephone. "That poor man's got all the punishment he deserves."

Besides the people who take wrestling so very, very seriously, we also encounter the other extremes — those utterly clever sophisticates who consider it a total sham like Santa Claus and want the world to know they know it. They can be awful pests. At a recent cocktail party in Toronto, while Athol was off in another part of the room, I was exchanging [illegible] with a group of people I hadn't met before. One of them, an oil company executive, kept gazing into his martini glass until he could contain himself no longer. "Tell me, Mrs. Layton," he said, winking knowingly at another man, "—what's the real lowdown on this wrestling racket?"

At moments like this, when the most appropriate riposte might be a left hook, long experience has taught me to play it straight. "If you don't mind," I said in all honesty, "I'd much rather discuss something a little more cultural. Did you see Fonteyn last week in Swan Lake?"

The gentleman blinked several times at this patent absurdity, mumbled vaguely about a chill and quickly vanished in the crowd. When I told my husband about it later [illegible] angrily he just laughed. "Good," he said. "That's [illegible] other one for The Gallery."

The Gallery is our private collection of people who've reacted to Athol's occupation in particularly memorable ways. For example, there's a woman in Toronto, now one of our fastest friends, who almost [illegible] home when she heard that a wrestler's family—ours—was moving in next door. Then there's that doctor in Oshawa, Ont., who once asked Athol how much one wrestler got paid for letting another draw blood from him. It was a good, brave question, considering the fact that he happened to be hemstitching a three-inch gash in Athol's head at the time.

But our [illegible] member of The Gallery was recruited in Honolulu where we lived last winter, when Athol and I went to a formal party at the Japanese

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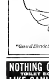

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consulate in honour of the emperor's birthday. We'd no sooner bowed to the receiving line than a prominent socialite came fluttering over and grasped Athol's hand.

"I just *know* we've met before," she cried. "Now don't tell me, dear man. You're a doctor? A lawyer? Oh where *have* we met?"

"Perhaps at the Civic Auditorium," Athol suggested.

"Of course!" she replied, still clutching his hand. "The symphony!" Athol could have let the matter drop there for we were regular subscribers but there was an impish gleam in his eyes. "Possibly, madam," he said, "but I was rather thinking of the wrestling matches." At this the poor woman's hand went limp. A second later she recovered her poise and tightened her grip. "Well, never mind," she said with a kind little smile "—you *certainly* don't *look* the type."

"The type" seems to be a muscular lunkhead of doubtful origin who would presumably have spent most of his days in jail for compulsive assault and battery if some wily promoter hadn't provided a legal outlet for his sole talent.

Young love in the bushland

On my husband's behalf I beg to differ. Athol was born thirty-seven years ago in Surrey, England, and moved to Australia with his parents when he was thirteen. After graduating from high school he was apprenticed to the chief buyer of a large department store in Sydney. We met, as teen-agers, at a meeting of one of Sydney's countless hiking clubs.

Our courtship might have been prescribed by Bernarr Macfadden. No movies, dances or dissipating parties for us. Each Sunday we used to take a bus or train out to the Australian bushlands. Then, knapsacks on backs, we'd strike off on a brisk invigorating hike—sometimes fifteen miles in a day. Athol paid our fares to and from the hiking grounds and my job was to supply the food. *Feeding* Athol then, as now, was like provisioning a horse. It took all my money every week. But my, we were healthy.

We were married in 1942 while Athol was in the Australian Imperial Forces, and John was born a year later. In the army Athol started boxing and by 1944 he was the amateur heavyweight champion of Australia.

After the war Athol quickly tired of his old job in the department store and when an uncle of mine offered us the chance to manage an inn he owned in the small town of Orange, we jumped at it. I handled the domestic side of the business and Athol, among other things, presided over the bar.

In 1949 a carnival came to Orange. One of its big attractions was a tent in which any local yokel might pick up ten pounds simply by surviving three rounds of boxing or ten minutes of wrestling with a professional fighter. Being an amateur boxing champion, Athol was something of a local figure and the patrons of his bar urged him to have a go at it.

It would be nice to report that the young publican stripped into the ring, knocked his opponent kicking and was then paraded through town on the shoulders of his jubilant supporters. The truth of the matter is that when the promoter took one look at Athol he promptly paid him the ten pounds in advance, plus another five not to disgrace his fighter. And two weeks later the promoter wired Athol offering him the chance to join his troupe on a tour through the resort areas of northeastern Australia. He'd start as a boxer, then learn to wrestle.

I wasn't crazy about the idea but Athol promised he'd only be away a few weeks and it did seem like a good chance to get this foolishness out of his system. When he left to join the troupe—the same one that used to employ a boxer named Errol Flynn—my dear mother flatly predicted, "You'll never see that one again. He'll run off and become another one of those playboys."

But he did come back — for one month. Then he was off to Singapore, where he'd heard North American wrestlers were in great demand. The promoter there was a trifle mystified by Athol's obviously British accent. "That's easy," he explained. "I was born in British Columbia."

He was hired for twelve weeks, then held over for a full year. He wrote to us twice a week and sent home amazingly large sums of money but they hardly made up for his absence. When another boy asked John what his father did for a living he replied, "He goes away."

When Athol finally came back in 1950 he was filled with wonderful tales of life in Malaya and Indonesia, of visiting rebel camps in the jungle, of a Greek wrestler awesomely if inappropriately called King Kong of the Orient who'd taught him a great deal about his business and told him of the fortunes to be made in it.

In another three weeks Athol was gone again, this time to England. All the way there he sent back graphic accounts of his travels. From London he wrote that the wrestling industry wasn't thriving too well there and he was thinking of skipping across to America. The next thing we knew he was in Toronto and—much to our delight and mother's amazement—we were en route to join him.

Hammer locks are out

Now, seven eventful years later, Athol has become a Canadian citizen and we're living in Toronto again. In spite of the vagaries of his occupation and the fact that he's often called upon to travel as far away as Newfoundland and Nagasaki, we've grown accustomed to it and I think we've been able to create a fairly solid home life for our children.

Neither of the boys shows any disposition to follow in Athol's footsteps. John is much more interested in his new microscope than he is in hammer locks or half-nelsons. As for Christopher, whenever fighting or gunplay breaks out on TV, which is often, he jumps up and turns it off. The fact is—and this may possibly be regarded as a switch for a wrestler's son—he just can't abide violence.

The only time Chris relents is on Saturday nights when Athol appears on television to do a running commentary on wrestling matches from Buffalo. Naturally we've always enjoyed the show, especially on a recent night when he interviewed another wrestler who shall be nameless. Athol has a fairly extensive vocabulary and unquestionably a gift for gab but his questions elicited only inarticulate grunts and monosyllables. At length the other wrestler opened up. "Lookit here," he said, "I don't go for none of this lord business"—he'd obviously been consulting Burke's Peerage—"so to me you're just plain 'mister.'"

Athol didn't bat an eye. "My good fellow," he said, "the longer you keep talking the more *I* sound like a lord." ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✔A plea for schooling

✔How to lower flag

In **Background** (March 1) you say one in ten scientists working in Canada was born and educated outside Canada. We would have more Canadian scientists and technical experts if we gave all talented children a chance. In many European countries such children have a university education no matter how poor they are. —MRS. G. GARNER, LONDON, ONT.

Sherbrooke gaudy, cheap?

Montreal's Sherbrooke Street (Feb. 1) has been ruined with overly zealous shopkeepers trying to outdo one another with jutting signs and neon lights. Can you imagine Fifth Park or Madison Avenues in New York with an uncontrolled situation such as this? I am a former Montrealer who gets fighting mad every time I return on a visit to see Sherbrooke Street get gaudy and cheap.—MRS. LYNN M. RUSSELL, HARTFORD, CONN.

How veterans see themselves

Thanks for John Clare's How the Veterans are Fighting the Peace (Feb. 15). I think it shows us, as an organization, just where we are going. He has expressed what the public thinks about the work we are doing.—LEGIONNAIRE LEN R. TAYLOR, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

✔ I could not help but notice the headline picture in How the Veterans are Fighting the Peace. It showed a row of grounded flags. I was always under the impression our flag should never be allowed to touch the ground. — W. A. HUTCHISON, INNERKIP, ONT.

Canadian Legion bylaws say the flag is dipped (touches the ground) at the sounding of the Last Post and the playing of God Save the Queen in the Remembrance Day Ceremony during the color drill at the command "Royal salute."

The glamour of drinking

It's high time we heard more about alcoholic addiction (A Noted Doctor Talks About Alcohol and Tranquilizers, Feb. 15). But how is education elsewhere being carried out? By glamorizing social drinking in movie, radio and TV plays, by fiction writers whose heroic characters appear to subsist on rye, brandy, martinis, by advertisements depicting its use in attractive surroundings without of course giving any indication of the ugly aftermath. What alcohol has achieved in its toll of degenerates Mr. Khrushchev should easily take over the West.—JAMES M. MACLENNAN, VICTORIA.

Should scripture govern divorce?

I have just read Grounds for Divorce—Two Years Apart, by H. I. Cartwright (March 1). The laws of our land are based on the teachings of the Bible. Mr. Cartwright is no doubt right that man-made rules are faulty. But the laws and teachings of God are perfect and they work. Why don't we follow them? —MRS. A. WHITFORD, LUMBY, B.C.

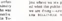
✔ If Mr. Cartwright were writing from a non-Christian point of view I should have nothing to say. However, he makes reference to Jesus Christ's teachings and quotes John Milton's idea that "divorce by mutual consent is more consistent with the spirit of Christianity." There is no foundation in scriptures for such a statement. Christianity according to Oxford is "the system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ." The very idea of permanency of marriage first came from God. It did not originate with any man. Divorce is even more to be deplored than polygamy.—GLADYS HEMERSLEY, COMOX, B.C.

✔ When human beings are coerced in the guise of Christianity to perjure their minds, souls and bodies in perpetuation of a meaningless vow, it is high time for some constructive, intelligent reasoning. Thank you Mr. Cartwright.—BERNICE MCINTYRE-GOUDIE, SASKATOON, SASK.

How our artists rate

Rex Woods' cover picture of sailors lining up for photos (March 1) is the most fascinating, lifelike sketch I have ever seen.—MRS. L. M. ANSLEY, MONTREAL.

✔ Can't help saying William Winter is a genius. I doubt if there's anyone who could equal his perfect perception in a



supermarket (Feb. 15 novel). He's right up there with history's great draftsmen.—ERNEST F. HUBBARD, NEW YORK.

More about the Klondike

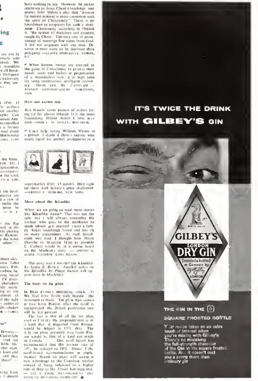
When are we going to read more stories like Klondike Annie? This was not the title but I will always remember the woman who goes to the northwest to teach school, gets married, raises a family, bakes sourdough bread and has oh so many experiences. As each installment was read I thought how Marie Dressler or Marjorie Main or possibly C. Colbert would be in a movie based on the Maclean's story. — JOSEPH G. ALKER, FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.

This story was I Married the Klondike by Laura B. Berton. Another series on the Klondike by Pierre Berton will appear soon in Maclean's.

The facts on tin plate

In Blair Fraser's interesting article If We Had Free Trade with Britain the statement is made "Tin plate now comes in free from Britain; after the tariff is renegotiated the British preference rate will be ten percent."

The fact is that of all the tin plate used in Canada the preponderance is of a kind that if imported from Britain would be subject to 15% duty. The only tin plate presently free from Britain would be that of a kind not made in Canada. . . . Our tariff board has recommended that the present rate of 15% be reduced to 10%. Hence if the tariff-board recommendation is implemented British tin plate will secure a new advantage in the Canadian market instead of being subjected to a higher rate of duty as Mr. Fraser has suggested. — LEE T. CRAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT, THE STEEL CO. OF CANADA, HAMILTON ★



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Parade

The beat-up hat trick

There's a wife in Scarborough, Ont., who kept on haranguing her husband for hanging onto his old beat-up hat until finally one day he was driven to go find a new one during his lunch hour. He must have tried on half a dozen and didn't like any of them, and then he heard another shopper saying firmly to her husband, "Now dear, I think that one looks just fine on you." He turned to see what a good hat looked like and it was his own fedora. With some embarrassment he retrieved it, put it firmly on his head and went home happy, justified and defiant to his wife. The woman in Scarborough writes us that she can't prove he didn't make the whole thing up, but says he made the story very convincing, and darned if the old hat doesn't look a little better at that.

• • •

Boy on a Winnipeg bus asked the driver for another transfer. When the driver suspiciously asked why, the boy pulled from his pocket the tattered remains of his first transfer, and a white rat.

• • •

As soon as spring breaks through and rivers start to run, people start telling us about their troubles with beaver. Along the highway between Monte Lake and Kamloops, B.C., is a hay meadow that was completely flooded when beaver built a dam. Well, sir, know what the farmer did? He destroyed the beaver dam. And you know what the beaver did? They felled a tree across the farmer's chicken coop, smashing the roof, then chewed their way through two supporting fence-posts, which let a whole line of fence collapse so's all the farmer's cattle could get out.

• • •

A Mount Forest, Ont., businessman had called for his mail at the post office and en route back to the shop dropped one letter. Just as he bent to retrieve it a dog beat him to it and ran off down the street with it in his mouth. Eight blocks later the puffing fellow quit the chase and went back to work, but it was only a few minutes before a fellow townsman brought the missing missive into the store. No, he hadn't seen any dog—just picked it up half way down the block, the dog evidently having thought better of his mischief and returned the letter to the very spot where he'd snatched it.

• • •

A young woman from Saskatchewan whose husband was moved by his firm to one of the eastern States joined a rifle club there as a good way of getting to know people and she turned out to be a good shot. Matter of fact, in her second season she won the club championship. In the clubhouse after the event she overheard one of the local people remarking wasn't it nice that the championship had been won by one of the newer members. "Well," snapped an unsuccessful contender, "she should be good. All her life she's been shooting at Indians."

BANG! AND ANOTHER REDSKIN BIT THE DUST!

• • •

The sympathetic Victoria Parade scout who found this missive written on a page torn from a teen-ager's notebook is in agony because he'll never know if it was delivered before it was lost or ever received a reply:

> Judy: I am writing to find out if you are free this Saturday. If you are would you like to go to the show of your choice, expenses paid? If you can fulfil this proposition with no obligation write to the address on the top of the page and you will find out who you are going with and please leave some date and time in which I may get in touch with you. The name on the bottom is not my real name but send your letter to it.
>
> Joe Smith

• • •

A Calgary mother has found it pays to take her ten-year-old shopping with her. She was just reaching for a carton of breakfast food when the boy said, "Don't take that one with the hockey players—they came out months ago and the stuff'll be stale. Get the box with the wild animals—they're brand new."

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